

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 784—Vol. XXXI.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

GREAT RESULTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

THE Napoleonic attack on Prussia, and the withdrawal of French troops from supporting the Papal temporal power in Rome, have quickened the accomplishment of objects that will shine in history among the brightest and greatest results of this teeming age. The Unification respectively of two such nationalities as Germany and Italy, and the proclamation of a Republic in France, must ever rank among the most stupendous results of

occurrences which, however probable in the future, no one could have hoped, two short months ago, to have seen so quickly realized. Happily for Italy, its unity is effected without the bloody seal common in revolutionary movements. When, ever before, were things comparable to these accomplished in such brief space and by the same means?—for the mad crusade of Louis Napoleon against Prussia was the cause of all.

About France and Germany, we will not speak further in this connection. Italy, though last not least, merits particular attention now.

Is it wonderful that the people of Italy should promptly seize the opportunity just presented for rendering Rome the Capital of their regenerated country? Torn for ages by internal dissensions and by foreign intrigues among the petty principalities into which it was divided, one of the fairest portions of God's creation was one of the least prosperous and most unhappy: And this, too, the more remarkable, as the "Church-and-State System" in the Pontifical territory aggravated instead of allaying the difficulties—the "States of the Church" having long ranked among the

worst-governed territories in the bounds of civilization.

People of all sects and in all countries, who properly value the purity of religious institutions, cannot regret any change that frees Church government from entangling alliances with the intrigues and corruptions of secular power. All who appreciate the importance of Unity in the United States and in United Germany know how to sympathize with the Italian people, including the people of the Roman principality, in reference to the Unification of Italy. Hereafter, it may be hoped,



PARADE, ON THE 20TH OF SEPTEMBER, THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, OF VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRENCH ARMY, PREVIOUS TO THEIR DEPARTURE IN THE STEAMSHIP LAFAYETTE FOR HAVRE.—SEE PAGE 53.

Italy will be "one and indivisible"—better fitted than ever to improve its great resources, and to enjoy the happiness resulting from well-directed energies in a favored land, under wise and liberal government—all which, sad experience has taught the Italians how to appreciate.

The transformation of "Sardinia" into the "Kingdom of Italy," a few years ago—by excluding the Austrians from Lombardy and Venice, by abolishing the Bourbon sway in Naples, and by extinguishing sundry petty principalities, with their princes and dukes—great as was the improvement—was yet incomplete without possession of the Roman Church territory, wherein Louis Napoleon's bayonets, for political purposes, propped the Pope, against the wishes of the great majority of people under his secular Government.

The withdrawal of French troops, the downfall of Napoleonism in France, the altered condition of Austria and Spain—on which three countries the Pontiff relied for support in his temporal power—have all combined with Italian patriotism in bringing about the remarkable revolution in Italian affairs. No foreign potentate will now forcibly uphold a political power like that which has so long proved pernicious to Italian prosperity generally, and especially injurious to the people in the "States of the Church."

Inspection or recollection of the map of Italy will clearly indicate how detrimental it was to Italian prosperity to have such a territory in the heart of Italy disconnected with and hostile to the "Italian Kingdom," by which it was surrounded. That evil can no longer exist. Common sense and right feeling through the world will sustain the Italian people in making Rome the capital of United Italy. Enlightened minds everywhere, whether Catholic or Protestant, may now cordially sympathize with the Italians in that great policy of Unification, for which Italian patriotism has so long yearned—which will render Italy a compact country, controlling its own destinies without foreign intervention. So, all hail, regenerated Italy!—united at last, under one liberal Government, from the mountains to the sea—"from the Alps to the Adriatic."

The evils of politico-ecclesiastical connections are so generally acknowledged in these days, that few enlightened minds in any country will regret a change that frees a great Christian Church from temporal intrigues and abominations. The Roman Pontiff will lose no power which the head of a religious organization should possess. He will be protected sacredly in Rome by the Italians—by his fellow-countrymen and fellow-Catholics—while discharging ecclesiastical duties of world-wide extent. Rome will still be the Capital City of the Roman Catholic Church—the Pontiff upheld in the Vatican and at St. Peter's by that religious loyalty which the Italians cherish as strongly as they detest ecclesiastical intermeddling with civil and political affairs.

It is one of the richest blessings of the United States that they are free from entangling alliances between Church and State; and where is the enlightened and liberal-minded person among us who will not sympathize with the Italian people in abolishing the relic of that unhappy union which has so long retarded the prosperity of Italy?

We repeat what we have heretofore said substantially on one important feature of Italian progress in connection with the Papal question. While the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope will free Italy from one of its greatest evils, the ecclesiastical influence of the Pontiff will be increased rather than diminished by the change, and Christendom will not any longer suffer the mortification of seeing the spiritual chief of its largest sect sustained by foreign bayonets as a political ruler over people that abhor his political power while reverencing his authority as head of their Church. Indeed, the reform thus effected must largely increase the Papal influence through the world, of which we have some indications in the fact that in no country is the influence of the Papal Hierarchy more deeply respected by Roman Catholics than in the United States, where their sect relies only (under God) upon its religious creed and character, and where the "Church-and-State System" is condemned alike by Catholic and Protestant.

UNGALLANT IOWANS.—It is evident the men of Iowa have not yet been charmed by the siren song of "woman's rights." That they have not listened to the dulcet, persuasive voice of Susan B. Anthony is positive, else they would never in any convention, as they the other day did in a Republican one, which included delegates from every part of the State, have unanimously declined their consent to the introduction of a very mild resolution, in which it was argued that women should be permitted to exercise the suffrage. Look out for a political revolution in Iowa. Women are not to be snubbed so openly and cruelly without seeking revenge. Democrats will be called to the rescue of the fair sex, by endorsing their claims to the ballot.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice.

To our subscribers in Texas. Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

THE WONDERS OF THE ASTRONOMIC WORLD.

AMONG all the losses of valuable lives in the late civil war, no one left such a memorable gap in scientific society as that of General O. M. Mitchell, the founder of the Cincinnati Observatory on Mount Adams—the first institution of its kind established by private energy, aided meagerly by public "liberality," in the United States. His Southern birth could not restrain him from being among the foremost in offering his services for defending the national existence which he had sworn to uphold when acquiring his West Point education.

The progress which astronomy is now making causes many to regret particularly that such a shining light as he was should have been prematurely extinguished, instead of being spared to illustrate the sublime science to which he was devoting his life when patriotism called for its sacrifice in the field.

People familiar with his fascinating volume concerning the "Planetary and Stellar Worlds"—people whose attention was aroused by his thrilling addresses on those subjects in New York and elsewhere—can readily imagine, if they knew nothing more about him, how eagerly and usefully he would have joined with the foremost astronomers who are now using improved apparatus (like the spectroscope) for exploring the infinitude of space, wherein his eyes and his mind reveled with enthusiasm unchecked by any difficulties in illustrating the wonders of Creation and the omnipotence of the Creator.

Our object in referring now to General Mitchell is to inquire whether a revival of his name and services may not arouse some persons who were co-operating with him in efforts for popularizing astronomy by erecting observatories in different cities—as, for instance, at the Central Park in New York—an object for which he was delivering lectures at our Academy of Music and elsewhere, before the outbreak of the Rebellion? His early example in such good work at Cincinnati gave the first great impulse to astronomical research in America; and that example, thus early set, when the science was comparatively new and unappreciated among our people, indicates what may be done now, when the popular mind is largely interested by the wonders which the telescope and spectroscope have been unitedly revealing to us since his death. Why will not several of our zealous astronomers, taking different cities for their fields of action, emulate the example set by Professor Mitchell a quarter-century ago at Cincinnati—an example continued by him in his efforts to accomplish what we are now urging others to carry out?

The committees appointed in New York and other cities for promoting the great object may now render service to the public by urging some of our leading astronomers to resume the struggle which Mitchell commenced before the Rebellion interfered with these astronomical projects.

Every city that has a public park should aim to increase its attractions by the addition of an observatory. And we feel confident that if the committees heretofore appointed to promote such objects will now act efficiently, their labors will be largely successful in their particular localities, while their example will stimulate the formation of similar committees in cities which have not yet moved in the matter.

Before closing this brief appeal, let us simply refer to the Dudley Observatory at Albany, as an example worthy of imitation by widows or widowers who wish to leave enduring marks of respect for their departed mates—an example not unworthy among the children of the wealthy. Mrs. Blandina Dudley made a noble use of the wealth left by her worthy husband, Senator Dudley. She honored herself as well as his memory by an act that will be gratefully remembered by the community which it will benefit through ages upon ages, when costly monuments now glittering in cemeteries will be crumbling into dust above unknown millionaires.

FRENCH EXPEDITION AGAINST GERMAN PORTS.

THE failure of the French navy to accomplish any of the objects for which its fleets were dispatched against the German cities on the North and Baltic Seas, is a notable feature of the European war. Whether for blockading a coast or for attacking harbors, the vessels seemed to be chiefly unfit, by reason of dull sailing and heavy draft. The latter quality would render their entrance very difficult at the principal harbors they were designed to capture, especially as all buoys were removed and lighthouses closed, while their want of speed rendered them comparatively useless for blockading purposes. If blockade-running had been carried on with anything like the spirit shown along our Southern coast during the rebellion, the Germans might have laughed heartily at the inefficiency of their adversaries.

But these were not the only difficulties. The sudden defeat of the French armies forbade the shipping of a large corps to co-operate with the naval forces, as every soldier was required to aid in defending France instead of assailing North Germany. The great Northern naval expedition was thus rendered abortive in its main object, which was to capture German ports north of Berlin, and send down troops to co-operate with the Emperor on his expected capture of that capital about the 15th of August—St. Napoleon's Day. This mortifying result was followed by a countermand, ordering the fleets homeward to aid in protecting Havre, Cherbourg, and other French ports against the terrible Germans, who had not only prevented Napoleon from reaching Berlin, but marched triumphantly through France. Was there ever a more complete turn-about in the positions of two great nations, in all their relations by land and sea? The humiliation of the French navy, though bloodless, is a sad counterpart to the discomfiture of the French armies, for France prided itself on having a naval force second only in the world. The result of this great expedition resembles the affair immortalized in song, wherein

"The mighty king, with forty thousand men,
Marched up a hill, and then—marched down again."

The termination of the blockade is a matter of great interest to Americans, and all others whose trade with Germany was interrupted. One reason for its discontinuance is, that the losses in German commerce occasioned by blockade will, like other pecuniary sacrifices to which Germany has been or may be subjected by the war, be charged to the French account in the settlement of peace between the nations. It will be a cheering sign of the times to see activity restored to the German vessels that have been lying idly and expensively at our American wharves.

THE FUNERAL OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—The remains of Admiral Farragut are expected to arrive in this city on the Guerriere, about the 30th of this month. The funeral has been appointed for the 1st of October. It is expected that the President and his Cabinet, large delegations from the Senate and Representatives, from the Navy and Army, and distinguished citizens from all sections of the Republic, will be present to swell the funeral cortege. The catafalque on which the casket containing the body of the departed hero will be placed is imposing and costly. It is covered with rich Lyons velvet heavily bordered with silver. The military of the first and second divisions of the National Guard are preparing to appear in the procession—the guard of honor being formed by detachments taken from regiments in the city. The procession will be under the direction of a committee appointed by the Board of Aldermen, and will be most imposing. We may here add that, on the receipt of the intelligence of the Admiral's death in England, the British fleet at Spithead paid honors to his memory as the greatest sea-captain of the age.

WHAT BISMARCK WANTS.—In an official note to the neutral powers, published on the 13th inst., the Prussian Prime Minister says: "If Strasburg and Metz remain in French hands, the offensive of France overpowers the defensive of Germany. These material guarantees alone will give peace, while France, retaining these places, will always consider a truce as enabling her to choose her own time for a renewal of hostilities. Germany asks only the passive strength to resist such attacks." This is official, and if France wants peace, it must accept of Bismarck's terms.

GEORGE SAND ON THE NEW REPUBLIC.—Immediately upon the Republic being proclaimed from the steps of the Hotel de Ville, Paris, by the deputy Gambetta, George Sand sent to the Paris *Siècle* the subjoined characteristic letter, from which, notwithstanding her advanced age, it will be seen the fire of youth yet burns brightly, almost fiercely in her:

"It is still living, then, the Republic, since it rises again from its ashes, summoned by a universal cry, by a noble will, without effusion of blood, without

fratricidal contest! This is the third awakening, and it is beyond fancy. Even the fourth it might be called, for we must not forget that 1830 was republican at the outset. There have been fights—always feeble and more feeble—for this noble pride; it is gained to-day by one single shout, 'Vive la France!' This is, then, the normal state—the state insisted on by human consciences. It is the inevitable result of humanity's prodigious labor. It is destiny—more, it is law! Man's intelligence, man's strength, can only reach their full powers in an atmosphere of freedom. See him, your Lord of Hosts! He is called Native Land and Liberty! Hall to thee, Republic! Thou art in worthy hands, and a great people will march under thy banner after a bloody expiation. The struggle will be hard, but, if thou shouldst fall yet once, thou wilt spring up again always, always! The Rights of Man are never to be destroyed!"

GEORGE SAND.

"NOHANT, September 6th, 1870."

WHAT IS GERMANY?—The papers almost universally talk about what Germany will do, and what Germany will not do, in the present European crisis. But "Germany," as a nation or government, has yet to be formed. It has no present existence, either *de facto* or *de jure*. There is Prussia, an independent nation; then comes a score of principalities, partly independent, and partly dependent on Prussia, forming together what is called the North German Confederation. Then there are the independent governments of Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Hesse. Then there is German Austria, mixed up in singular relations with the Slavonic people of Hungary and other provinces; there is also the independent German Republic of Switzerland, and the independent Kingdom of Holland, or lowland Germany. When all these are drawn together in settled harmony, we shall have a "Germany."

A NEW ASTEROID.—Dr. C. H. F. Peters, of Hamilton College, announces the discovery of another planet, the one hundred and twelfth of the asteroids. He made the discovery on Tuesday, the 20th of September, and the next morning established the position of the planet. It is named "Iphigenia."

MADEMOISELLE NILSSON.

HER FIRST TWO APPEARANCES.

We have at last seen the long-expected Nilsson, and despite the various critical opinions but recently uttered respecting her by artists *dilettanti*, and reviewers, are compelled to accord her a standing with some half-dozen of the sweetest birds of song we have received from the Old World. Had her *début* been anything else than the great and pronounced success it undoubtedly was, let us own that we should more have regretted the American want of appreciation than the Scandinavian's deficiency in vocal ability. However, M. Strakosch was justified in the faith he reposed in the musical judgment of his fellow-countrymen. The two first Nilsson nights must have convinced him that he will reap a golden harvest from this most fortunate speculation upon his part. But this has but little to do with our estimate of Mademoiselle Nilsson's rare powers as a lyric artist.

We have heard her twice. On the first evening—Monday, September 19—her voice gave undoubted evidence of fatigue. Nor can there be much wonder that it should have done so. The brief space of time which had elapsed since her Atlantic voyage to this city, and the exceeding lack of judgment which had subjected her to the fatigue of the night-serenade offered to her by her countrymen, with all its attendant nuisances of late hours and conversation with scores—nay! hundreds whom she then saw for the first time, were enough to have fatigued any voice save the Herculean ones of a Lablache, a Formes or a Standigl. Her rare ease and thorough knowledge of her own powers could alone have carried her through the trials of her first appearance, so triumphantly. For in spite of this fatigue, it did so. In the Mad Scene of *Ophelia*, from the Opera of "Hamlet," she evinced the superb power which has rendered her so great an operatic success, and as we listened to her, caused us to feel how much we had lost in making her acquaintance in the concert-room rather than on the operatic stage. Her voice is something of the same quality as her great predecessor from the North of Europe, Jenny Lind. While certainly not so thoroughly trained and accomplished a vocalist as that wonderful *soprano*, or even as Carlotta Patti, we consider that, as a dramatic singer, not the slightest comparison could honestly be made between them. Slightly, perhaps, does her manner approximate to that of the darling little vocal humbug, Picecolomini. But then Nilsson has a voice and can sing, while Picecolomini—but as we shall never hear her again, let us refrain from throwing dirt on her musical grave. In a few words, her voice is a round, clear, limpid, and telling one. Like most Northern voices, it is deficient in what the Italians call soul, while it possesses abundance of that which the other great musical nation of Europe—Germany—denominates dramatic sensibility. This was magnificently displayed on the second evening we heard her, in the Scene and Aria from the "Lucia" of Donizetti, and also in the "Ernani involami" from Verdi's "Ernani"—more especially in the first-named. On this evening her voice had almost entirely recovered from the fatigue it evinced upon her first *début* at Steinway Hall, and enabled us more thoroughly to verify our first impressions concerning its resonantly clear quality. On both evenings, her grasp of the audience was a clear and unmistakable one, and we have had no vocalist here, since Sontag, who has achieved so true and complete a success. The applause which received her vocalism on the part of her

audience was as genuine as any we have ever heard, and testified to this fact by its reckless spontaneity. Mademoiselle Nilsson has already secured her niche in the temple of vocal music, and we must rank her as one of the five or six great Divas we have received on our shores. One or two of them—three, perhaps—were pretty well worn—Grisi, Sontag, and La Grange, to wit. But Bosio, Jenny Lind, and Nilsson have visited and visit America while yet in their prime. It is something to get a worn-out voice from Europe. But when the Old World gives us a fairly fresh one, with its powers yet unimpaired, let us be thankful.

But Nilsson has another charm than that of youth of voice, which, truth to tell, none of those whom we have mentioned, with the exception of Bosio, have had. She has young beauty. Rarely, if ever, have we seen, on the operatic stage or in the concert-room, a more captivatingly intellectual face. She dresses also with charming taste. What woman who has made her reputation in Paris could fail of doing so?

For her beauty we need but refer our readers to the outlying districts of the Union to the coast which has been executed of her by H. M. Coffey. Save in the color, it is an admirable likeness, while the hair is treated with a delicious coquetry of the modeling tool which is admirable. Let them send at once to him and procure a copy. Until they have a chance of hearing her, it may be a trifling satisfaction to look at her lovely features, even in plaster.

We have said so much of Nilsson, that small space is left at our disposal to speak of the other artists. M. Strakosch gives us an excellent *contralto*, Miss Annie Louise Carey, who is certain to become a favorite. He also brings back to us Vieuxtemps and Wehl, and offers us a very fine *baritone*, Signor N. Verger. Our old friend Brignoli, one of the most lasting of tenors, also appeals to our ears and hands; while Mr. Maretzek, in conducting the Nilsson Concerts without Mr. Fisk's permission, has kicked over the plate which had been so kindly set before him by that gentleman. Whether it may have been altogether wise for him to have done so, may rationally be questioned. Certain it is, that the night after the day upon which Mr. Fisk ejected him from the rehearsal he was superintending at the Grand Opera House in Twenty-third street, not a solitary hand was beaten upon its fellow when he entered the stage at Steinway Hall. It was rather hard that the mere musical forgetfulness of a twenty-years' more or less favorite should operate thus upon the palms and fingers of those who assuredly have once admired and possibly esteemed him.

WHITE SWELLING.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

THIS is an old-fashioned name of a very common complaint. It was the popular appellation of the disease, and described in these two words the general characteristic symptoms of the complaint, upon which the eye first rested, and which remained in the memory of even the most ordinary observer.

Since this name was first bestowed upon it, many-eyed Science has come and looked deeper and sharper and longer, and has discovered that there are other characteristics even more marked than the pellucid blanching, than the smooth, puffed, well-rounded limb—which obvious appearance originated the commonplace name. Science marked its discoveries by a new appellation, and the disease *de* white swelling, since the alliance with Science, is recognized as Hydrarthrosis, a term by which its best friends would not surely know it, as it means water in the joint, whereas this is quite another disease, with in fact no water at all in the joint.

The exact character of white swelling is still in some doubt, owing to the imperfect knowledge we have of the diseases of the bones. It is probably a tuberculous condition of the cartilaginous bones of the joint, inasmuch as it is most apt to be seen in strumous children, who, if relieved from this difficulty, are very apt to afterward have some further form of tuberculous of a more recognizable character.

This disease very frequently follows a severe fall, accompanied by a wrench or bruise of the hip or knee-joint. Indeed, after a swelling with accompanying pain is observed in the joint of a child, it is very easy to recall some fall or accident within a month's time previous, sufficient to account for its commencement.

If the doctor does what is right in the case—and won't doctors try to do so?—he orders perfect rest from the movement of the joint, and the removal of the pressure upon it from bearing the weight of the body. Probably he orders a splint, peculiarly adapted for this purpose, to be placed on it, which, while giving freedom of the limb and joint, thus allowing full motion, yet takes off all the perpendicular pressure. He locally applies embrocations, plasters, etc., with the grand aim to withdraw the irritation, inflammation and disease from the joint interiorly, where it could do irreparable injury, to the exterior, where no permanent hurt of any importance could be effected.

The removal of the pressure prevents any increase of, at the same time relieving the pain, while internal treatment of a tonic and alterative character—iron and iodine—tends to build up the general health, restore any anti-cachectic tendencies, and thus one is left with the cure in his own hands.

A recent remedy of considerable potency is a pill of Iodoform and Iron, from a prescription of Dr. Kennedy, of Baltimore. But all tonic, and especially ferruginous alteratives, require a persistence in their use not generally given to them. Patients seem very often to acquire an aversion to taking medicines from which they are markedly deriving benefit, and to none more than to iron when its use has evidently cured them of a long-seated trouble. It is a

curious perversity of human nature. In most cases where iron is demanded as a constitutional alternative and tonic, it should be persistently taken for at least a year. It is one of the natural elements in the animal economy, and its absence, as marked by a disease, is not to be made up by a spurt of medicine-taking; it must be slowly and gradually allowed to permeate and pervade the entire system by a small but long-continued medication. In the same manner, after a prolonged drouth in summer, external nature may be refreshed by the furious onset of a thunder-shower, whose desired rain mostly flows off into the streams and lakes, but it is the early rains and the latter rains that, with their slowly descending profusion, not only water the superficial verdure, but nourish the deep spreading roots of the majestic oaks, and reveal the well-nigh exhausted reservoirs beneath the mountains—the great springs from whence flow health and life.

Too often, alas! the neglect or disregard of the proper guardians of children has allowed the disease to advance until there is ulceration in the joint, caries in the bones, an immense swelling all around, an inability to step on the limb, general constitutional disturbance, hectic fever, loss of appetite—almost death. There is pus in the synovial cavity—perhaps there are numerous external openings through which it flows out. The integrity of the articulation is forever gone. Still something is to be done.

Fortunately our progressive science has, within the last quarter of a century, advanced so as now to give relief to those that before that time were left to die. We have learnt that there exist large pieces of carious and dead bone within the joint, and that these are destined to ulcerate, soften, and flow away, before a cure can be effected. There is but one query: Will the patient die from the prolonged exhaustion before this is effected? Too often this is the case. Indeed, it is so in the great majority of cases. Some few only, having the natural strength of constitution, the means for care, for food, for change of climate, for medical skill and surgical appliance, survive the strain to the system.

But poor or miserable, neither humanity nor science allow the Great Conqueror so speedy a victim. Charity

Wide spreads the everlasting doors,
On golden hinges turning,

of numerous infirmaries and hospitals, where the cachectic sufferers of every clime can bring their emaciated frames, and find consolation and comfort; and Science, almost God-like, even at this desperate extremity brings an unexpected relief. It acts in the direction of nature, and without awaiting its tardy efforts, cuts into the joint, enlarges the insufficient openings, removes the dead incubus, and then assists enfeebled nature, by stimulus and support, to the comparatively slight work of healing the wounds, and bloom and vigor soon come to fill the hollowed cheek, to brighten the lack-lustered eye, and to recuperate the wasted energies.

Yet, in the face of a miracle like this, an advance in medical knowledge and surgical skill—and this is but one in the multitude of the grand achievements in medicine during the last quarter of a century alone—the thoughtless community inveigh against the impotence of medical science and surgical art.

Why, the wonders and benefits from telegraphy and steam and photography, great and valuable as they are, shrink into nothingness before the achievements produced in ameliorating human woes, by the discovery of chloroform, in the treatment of female diseases—nay, even by the advances in the comparatively trivial improvements in dentistry.

Faster than the needle-gun and the mitrailleuse can maim and kill, surgical art cures and restores to vigor. What army would dare march to battle without its attendant corps of surgeons? What emperor or private would expose himself to the risk, not of death, but of suffering, without a certainty that the Lethæan waters were ready to assuage those agonies which are temporarily more dreaded than mutilation and death?

Nor are its energies exhausted or its discoveries ended. Fresh spirits are constantly coming up with new powers of observation, and starting from new and advanced parallels. This army is irresistible; before it, doubt and uncertainty flee away. Disease and suffering will be conquered, but death is invincible.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The French Press Ambulance Corps.

The organization, during our internecine war, of a sanitary commission for the relief and care of persons wounded in battle, was found to be so exceedingly useful, that subsequently, in the interests of humanity, a convention, composed of delegates from all the European Powers (at which, by special invitation, gentlemen prominent in doing good among the men of our own great armies attended), met at Geneva, where it was decreed an international doctrine that ambulance and ambulance corps, etc., were henceforth to be considered sacred by belligerents on and away from the field of battle. The members of the press of Paris, on the declaration of the present war, formed themselves into an ambulance corps, and followed the army to the Rhine, where good service was done in behalf of the wounded. In the first disastrous days of the campaign its ambulance fell into the hands of the enemy, but has since, in accordance with the rules of the Geneva Convention, been released. Our engraving represents the members of the "Company of the Press" marching through the streets of Rheims on their way to the field of action, followed by their ambulance.

Red Republicanism in Paris.

Immediately on the downfall of the Empire, but before the proclamation of the Republic by Jules Favre and his political compatriots, certain classes of the French people, who are known as "Reds" and "Socialists," attempted a revolution by rising at Villeite, and attacking the barracks of the pompiers. It appears that a dozen of the pompiers had been left in

charge of the station, in which was a store of rifles and cartridges for about one hundred and fifty men; and the object of the attack was to get hold of these weapons. After a short parley with the officer in command of the station, who thought to persuade the men to retire, they opened a fire upon the building, and would have certainly taken and sacked it, had not the Commissary of Police arrived on the ground. He called upon the bystanders for help. This was given with a will; and, after a fierce struggle, victory began to declare itself in favor of the law, and the ruffians were obliged to retreat. The moment they saw they were outnumbered they bolted in every direction, throwing away their arms. Many of them have been arrested by the gendarmes. The conflict was very serious. One of the pompiers was killed, whilst a corporal was wounded three times. A gendarme was also killed, as well as a poor little girl, six years of age, in her mother's arms; and three of the policemen were severely wounded. The cavalry of the National Guard arrived shortly, and order was re-established.

Peasants Flying from Metz.

The engraving represents the flight of the peaceable and horror-stricken peasants on the roads to Metz, at the close of the battle of Forbach. For a season they continued on their small farms in the midst of the contending armies, and even received the sick and wounded of each into their cottages, caring for them as if they were dear friends, and not the instruments of angry potentates wrestling with each other for the extension of their territories. But the series of battles which followed each other in rapid succession, and which culminated in the all but destruction of MacMahon's army (subsequently reorganized at Chalons, and then compelled to surrender to the Germans at Sedan), and the driving of Marshal Bazaine's forces under the walls of Metz, compelled these harmless people, mostly old men, women and children, to seek shelter behind the same defenses, only to be driven forth again, or destroyed by bursting shells or the slow but certain grip of famine. It would be a mercy to these people if Metz were surrendered to the Prussians, for it is only prolonging an agony from which there is no escape, to continue its defense.

Arrival of Wounded Cavalry in Paris.

When, at the close of the battle of Sedan, the French cavalry saw the corps of MacMahon driven like a flock of sheep toward Sedan by the German armies, a portion of them, both wounded and uninjured, managed to elude the enemy, and by a circuitous road find their way to Paris, where they were cordially received and sumptuously cared for. Perhaps even the most injured of the brave fellows, who, against every odds, made their way to the capital, will be strong enough, when the hour of trial arrives, to assist in its successful defense against the invader.

Volunteers in the Louvre, Paris.

The French are a martial race. Caesar has written that the "Gauls were women under defeat," but timidity does not appear to be a characteristic of their descendants in the midst of misfortune. Every Parisian capable of holding a musket in his hands—from the youth of sixteen or eighteen to the grand sire of sixty or eighty years—is learning the trade of the soldier in the broad avenues and broader squares of the great city, resolved that, if with peace the nation cannot preserve its honor, they will perish to the last man in the defenses rather than surrender to the invader. Our engraving illustrates this sentiment. It presents the young men of Paris in the Louvre learning how best to meet the foe, and if possible, conquer him.

Parisians at Work on the Defenses.

At an early day in the present gigantic struggle for the mastery over Europe in which France and Prussia are engaged, it became evident to the Parisians, unless a miracle intervened, that their city would in time be environed by hostile armies, and possibly reduced to a submission which, as the capital of a great empire, would have been humiliating. When news of the disaster at Gravelotte reached Paris, the Regency, or rather the Ministry of the Empire, ordered a thorough inspection and extension of the fortifications in the vicinity; and when the surrender of Napoleon and the capitulation of MacMahon's army were subsequently made known, there was no time left to linger in the lap of pleasure for those who resided on the banks of the Seine. A peaceful revolution disposed of the Regency and exalted the Republic. Trochu, on being appointed Secretary of War, was added to the Committee of Defense as the Commander of Paris, and invested with plenary powers. He at once placed every available person in the trenches or in the ranks. The city, in an hour, forgot its gaiety; and, in the presence of a war which now threatens the very existence of the nation, its citizens worked long and weary hours, getting their defenses and fortifications in order against the approach of an enemy flushed with repeated victories over armies which, on the 16th of last July, by Emperor and people, were esteemed invincible.

Cutting Down the Trees in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

The project of cutting down the beautiful trees in the Bois de Boulogne, many of them of a century's growth, to afford the guns of the ramparts and forts free sweep, at first raised a storm of indignation, which subsided into undisguised sorrow when that project was finally carried out and fully explained. The Bois is the most celebrated place of resort in Europe, and is next to Hyde Park, London, the largest. It is resorted to of an afternoon by the wealthy, fashionable, and literary class of Parisian society. It is also generally frequented by all foreigners at Paris, and its loss will be regretted by the whole civilized world, America among the number. The stumps of the trees which are cut down are trimmed to a sharp point with an adz, so as to form a formidable *chevaux-de-frise*, and hamper the operations of the cavalry and artillery.

Ironclad Gunboat in the Seine.

The *Illustrated London News*, discussing the character of the defenses of Paris, says: "The weakest side of Paris, so far as artificial fortification is concerned, would seem to be the northwest, in the wide interval between the fortress of Mont Valerien, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, and the forts about St. Denis, due north of the city. But a double reach of the Seine, in its windings around the peninsula of Courbevoie, Puteaux, and Asnières, just opposite the suburbs of Neuilly and Clichy, seems to offer good natural facilities for defense. The piece of ground nearly inclosed by the river on this side must have been crossed by all visitors who have traveled to St. Germain, or to Havre or Dieppe, by the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest; and they will be enabled to comprehend the usefulness of a few gunboats on the Seine

below St. Cloud. There is quite a little fleet of such vessels. One of these gunboats is about the size of one of the Thames steamers which ply between the bridges, but much broader in the beam in proportion to length. She is iron-plated, and the deck is also covered with iron. She has what a sailor would call a 'forecastle,' which rises above the level of the rest of the deck; and it contains two guns, which point forward in a line with the keel, with a slight training limit to each side. Having two large helms and a double screw, she is intended to turn rapidly so as to face her foes. There are six small projections on each side of the forecastle; these are probably shields covering loopholes for musketry. Such a craft will be difficult to hit by artillery, and difficult to hurt even when hit; she can keep the middle of the stream, and the banks will be dangerous with a flock of such 'canards' on the river."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

PROSPER MERIMEE, the dramatic author, is dying. MISS ROSE HERSEE will soon return to America.

WISCONSIN is preparing for a Grand State Musical Jubilee.

BALFE is writing a new opera, to be called "Knight of the Leopard."

LEFRANC will begin a series of concerts at Boston Music Hall, September 30th.

THE English Opera Troupe are considering an operatic representation of "Rip Van Winkle."

MR. F. J. CAMPBELL, the blind musician of Boston, is successfully pursuing his studies abroad.

MISSES EMMA AND REBECCA LAEMLEIN, the California artists, are about to visit Boston professionally.

NILSSON and Lefranc are engaged to sing with the Boston Handel and Haydn Society four times this season.

JENNY LIND is one of the London committee for the relief of the sick and wounded in the Franco-Prussian war.

CARLOTTA PATTI has lost greatly by spurious tickets at Rio Janeiro. Seven hundred dollars worth were taken on one evening.

At Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, "Man and Wife" has been prudently curtailed, and now runs a steady and prosperous course.

THE Alleghenians have been meeting with great success throughout New England. They have added "Put Me in My Little Bed" to their repertoire.

MRS. CARY (Miss Annie L. Cary), a member of the Nilsson Troupe, is a native of Boston, and has just finished a course of several years' instruction in Europe.

LAST week, at Wood's Museum, "Deaf as a Post," and "The Golden Buttery," formed very pleasant afternoon entertainments, which were duly appreciated.

VIEUXTEMPS, the talented violinist who accompanies Christine Nilsson in her American tour, is about fifty years of age, a pupil of De Beriot, and an able composer.

OUR whilom correspondent, Mr. Arthur Sketcheley, has written a three-act comedy, "Living at Ease," for the Strand Theatre, London, which is regarded with much favor.

M. EULENSTEIN, a virtuoso in the matter of jewshaps, has been drawing astonishing audiences at the Royal Institution, by playing on sixteen of these dulcet instruments at once.

THE season of German Opera at the Stadt Theatre, New York, has increased remarkably in popularity. "The Huguenots" was given last week with a fine cast, full chorus, and appropriate music and scenery.

A BENEFIT performance was given at the Grand Opera House, New York, on Thursday last, to Miss Bertha Lind, by the Lannier Troupe, who have made many friends by these performances during the summer.

ON the evening following the arrival of Christine Nilsson, the Swedish Singing Society of New York honored her with a grand torchlight display and serenade, at the residence of Professor Ogden Doremus.

THE Sunday Evening Concerts, which have proved so highly successful at Central Park Garden, generally attracting from fifteen hundred to two thousand people, will be continued through the present month and the month of October.

CHARLES T. PARSONS, Sr., the veteran actor, who has been very sick for several months past, died in New York on the 23d, aged sixty-six. He was a native of London, and had been connected with the dramatic profession from early childhood.

A DAUGHTER of Mr. Samuel Colville, of the Olympic Theatre, Boston, is studying for the operatic stage under Professor Reinecke, at Leipzig. She has also enjoyed the tuition of Warlet, at Paris, and is said to have developed extraordinary gifts.

At Booth's Theatre, Mr. Joseph Jefferson continues to draw crowded houses by his "Rip Van Winkle." The humor, pathos, beautiful scenery and charming music have invested these representations with an attractiveness that time does not wear.

MISS MARIE SEEBACH made her first appearance before an American audience at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, on Thursday last. She is young, possesses a voice of rare strength and purity, and her movements are graceful to the extreme.

ON the evening of October 2d a concert will be given at Steinway Hall in aid of the wounded of the Prussian armies. The Leideckranz and Arion Societies, the Philharmonic orchestra, Misses Meinig and Rosetti, and other distinguished artists, will appear.

At Wood's Museum, New York, Mrs. Scott-Stidson was received very cordially last week as Rosalind, in "As You Like It." She is becoming more graceful in her actions, and pays more attention to the modulations of her voice, than when here before.

THE Wednesday Afternoon Matinees at the Olympic Theatre, given for the benefit of ladies and children, are attended by as large and delighted audiences as gather in the evening. "Le Petit Faust," with Mrs. Oates and Mr. George L. Fox, is irresistibly funny.

ON Thursday evening last, a grand concert and ball was given at the Central Park Garden, New York, for the benefit of Theodore Thomas's famous Orchestra. This is the first compliment of the kind tendered the organization, and we were glad to see that it was largely patronized by the musical circle of city.

THE efforts of Miss Lina Ed-in to offer a first-class house for the production of comedies and burlesques are, we are glad to learn, proving highly successful. "Camille, or the Cracked Heart," held the boards last week, and a new play founded on Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge" is in preparation.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 51.



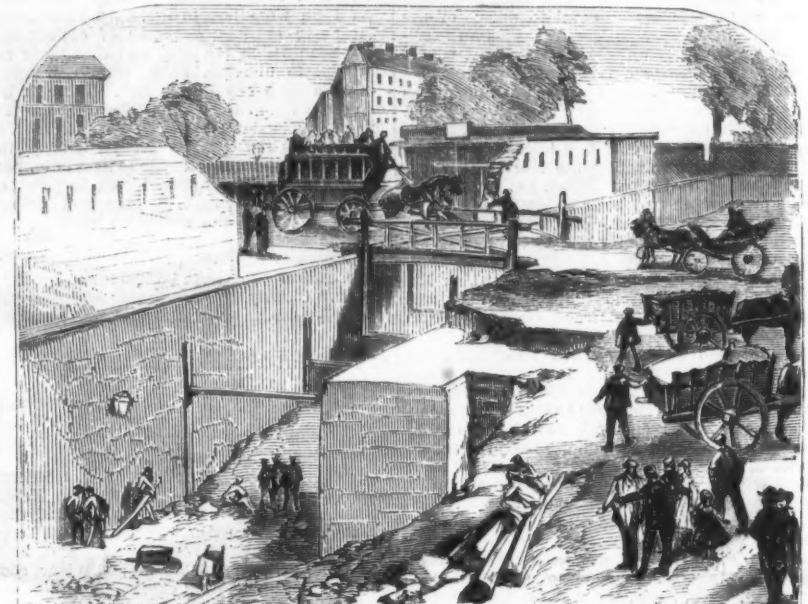
FRANCE.—ATTACK OF RED REPUBLICANS ON THE BARRACKS OF THE POMPIERS, AT VILLETTE, NEAR PARIS.



FRANCE.—THE AMBULANCE CORPS OF THE PARIS PRESS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF RHEIMS.



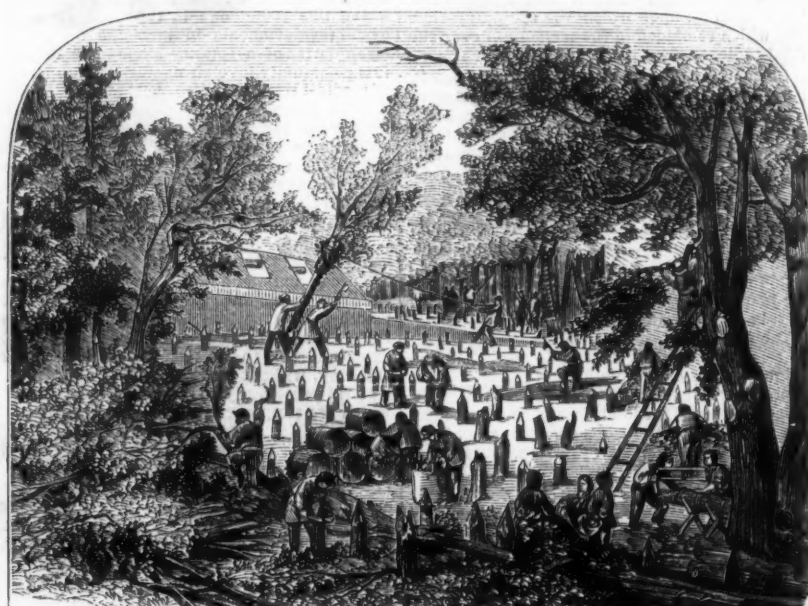
FRANCE.—FLIGHT OF PEASANTS TO METZ, AFTER THE BATTLE OF FORBACH.



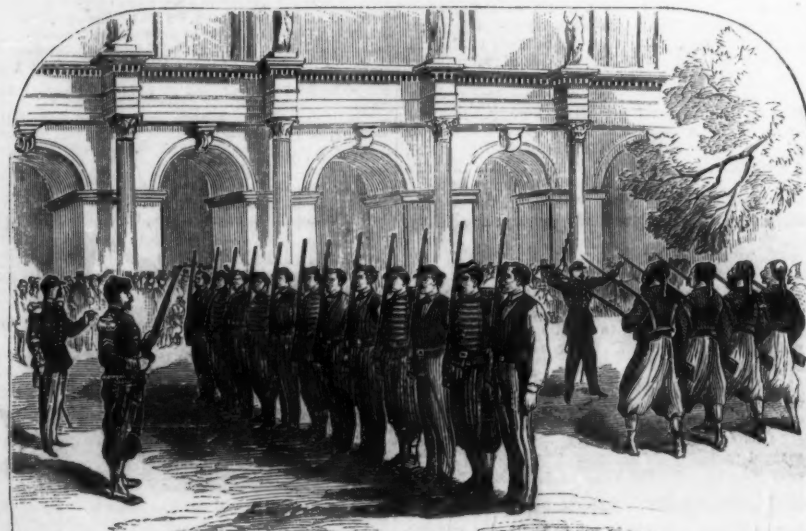
FRANCE.—CITIZENS AT WORK ON THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS, NEAR THE PORTE DE NEUILLY.



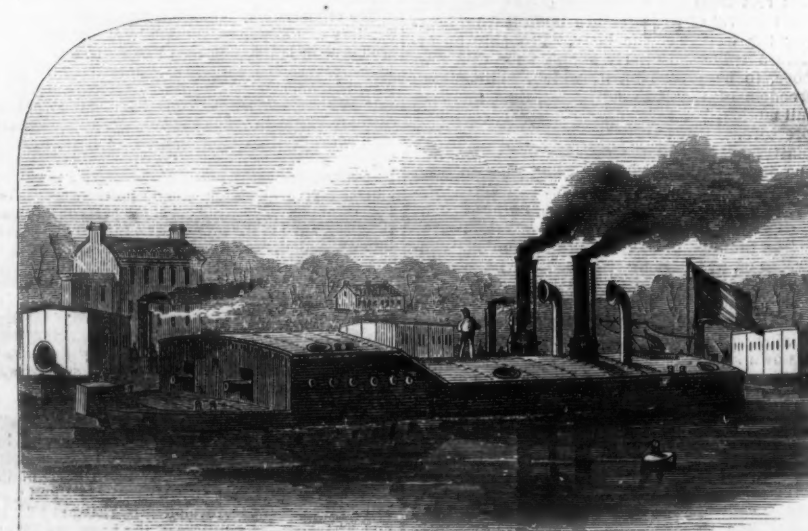
FRANCE.—THE ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED CAVALRY IN PARIS, SUBSEQUENT TO THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.



FRANCE.—CUTTING DOWN THE TREES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE FOR THE FREE PLAY OF THE ARTILLERY.



FRANCE.—THE CITIZENS OF PARIS, ENROLLED AS VOLUNTEERS, DRILLING IN THE LOUVRE.



FRANCE.—THE ARRIVAL OF AN IRONCLAD GUNBOAT ON THE SEINE, FOR THE DEFENSE OF PARIS.

VOLUNTEERS
FOR FRANCE

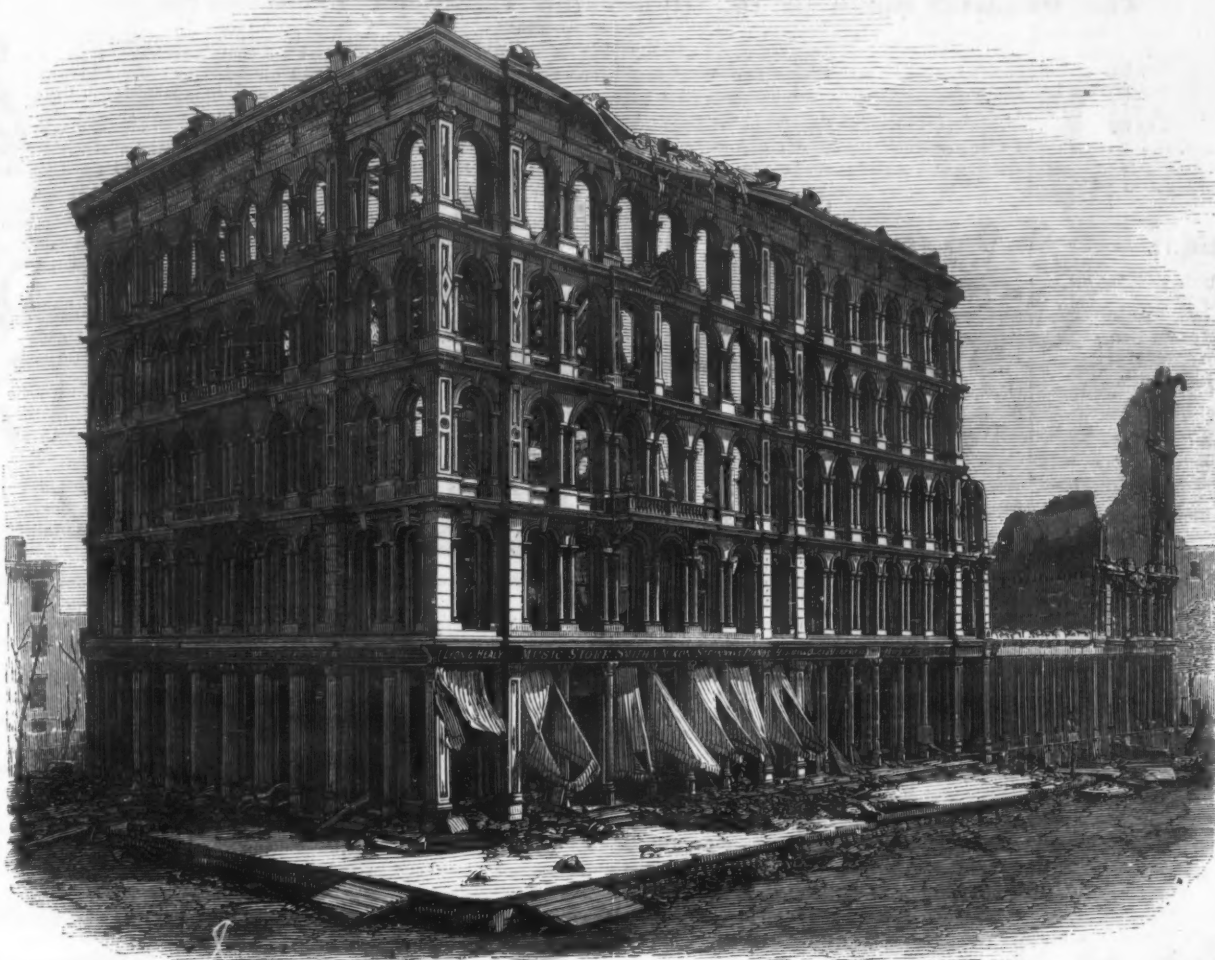
On the 20th inst., a strong body of men, principally Irish and French, marched with banners flying and to the strains of martial music, through Morton and West streets to the dock at which the steamship Lafayette was lying, with steam up and ready to start for Havre. A large crowd of persons interested in the departure of the ship gathered in the vicinity of the pier, and from time to time loudly cheered the intending emigrants.

The rumors that an organized company of volunteers was about to leave in the ship, with the intention of entering the French service, added to the interest of the occasion; and when the quasi military organization approached the wharf, as the engraving on our first page illustrates, the crowd insensibly grew more and more excited, and cheer after cheer went up for those who thus proposed risking life and limb to preserve the territorial integrity and autonomy of imperiled France. The company of volunteers, many of them wearing the kepi of the French army, marched directly on board the Lafayette and dispersed themselves among the steerage-passengers, as if they were not urged to cross the Atlantic with warlike intent. But, just as the vessel was leaving the wharf, Deputy-Marshals Turney and Dowley appeared and exhibited warrants issued by United States Commissioner George F. Betts for the arrest of one hundred and twenty of the passengers on suspicion of having taken passage for the purpose of forming an expedition against the Prussians, in violation of the neutrality laws. As it was impossible to identify them, and as the Marshals refused to allow the steamer to depart until they had been secured, the captain confessed that there were eighty-six men in the steerage whose passage had not been paid, and who, it was supposed, had been sent on board by the French Consul. These men were immediately ordered on shore, but as the Marshals could not identify them as the persons against whom the warrants had been issued, they were allowed to go at large, and departed, surrounded by their friends, loudly lamenting that they had not been permitted to pursue their voyage.

The Lafayette had on board about seven hundred passengers, many of them wealthy and respectable citizens, and some of them mechanics. She had also about 100,000 Remington rifles, 3,000,000 cartridges, 16 cannon, and necessary ammunition. A great deal of the freight consisted of material aid for the French, a large proportion of which was shipped by wealthy Frenchmen residing in this city, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal, Quebec, etc., and which included lint, clothing, sheets, flannels, blankets, stockings, and the like. The persons detained were mostly Frenchmen or Irishmen, with a few Americans.

DESTRUCTION OF THE DRAKE
BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILL.

The fire which broke out in Chicago, Ill., on the afternoon of Sunday, September 4th, destroyed one of the largest and finest business houses in the United States—the Drake Block, on the corner of Wabash avenue and Washington street. This block formed a magnificent



DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE DRAKE BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH.



GENERAL UHRICH, THE HEROIC DEFENDER OF STRASBOURG.

structure, and the erection was one of those features of the rapid growth of this fair city of the West. The fire was discovered about five o'clock in the paper store of Messrs. Laflin, Butler & Co., and raged with fatal fury. The grand warehouse of John V. Farwell, a marvel of completeness and architectural beauty, was stored with a very valuable assortment of drygoods, the loss on which was nearly two hundred thousand dollars. The other losses were: Smith & Nixon and Lyon & Healey, music, loss, \$150,000; Laflin, Butler & Co., paper, loss, \$250,000; Field, Leiter & Co. had drygoods stored on the upper floor of one of the stores, and suffered a loss of \$180,000. The block was owned by J. B. Drake, of the Tremont House, J. V. Farwell & Co., and Thatcher Brothers.—Loss on the building about \$450,000. Drake has \$130,000 insurance, and Thatcher \$80,000. Smith & Nixon had some one hundred and fifty pianos burned. Some goods were got out of the lower floors of the building, but the greater part of all the stocks was consumed. About half-past six the walls of the Farwell store fell in with a tremendous crash. A large number of persons, employees and outsiders, had been shortly previous on the upper

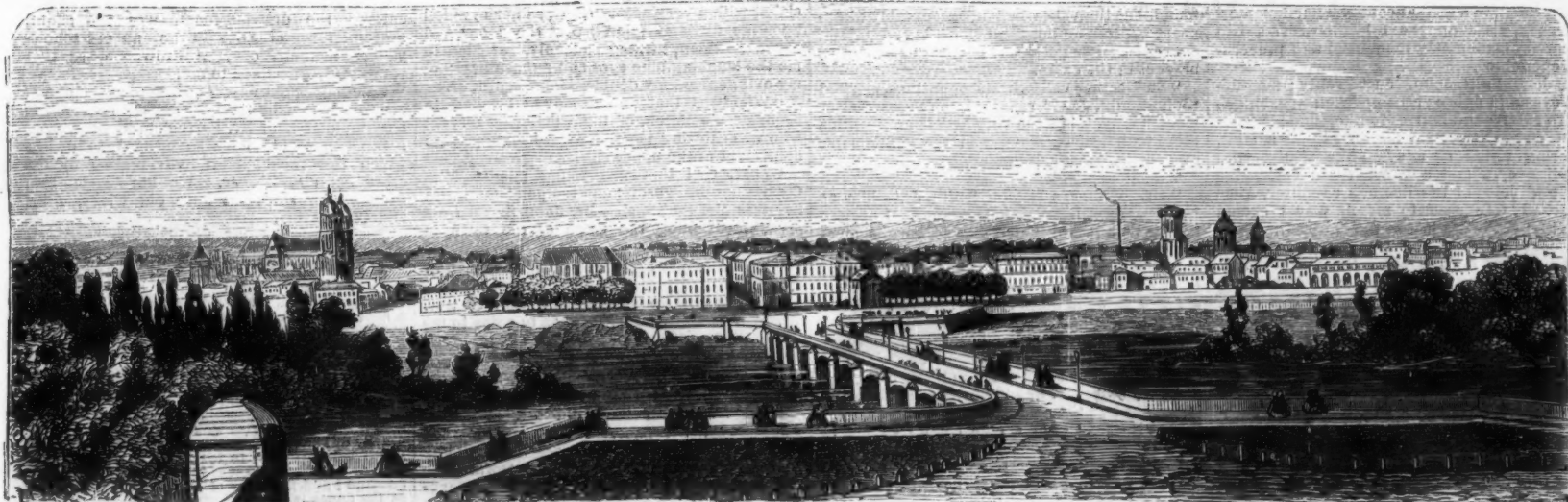
floor; but the danger being apprehended, on account of the immense weight of the goods stored there, the police compelled them to go down-stairs. Immense crowds witnessed the conflagration, filling the streets in all directions. The fire is supposed to have originated in a spontaneous combustion of greasy rags in the paper store of Laflin, Butler & Co.

GENERAL UHRICH, COMMAND-
ANT OF STRASBOURG.

GENERAL UHRICH was born at Phalsbourg, in Alsace, on the 15th of February, 1802; entered St. Cyr at an early age, and graduated in 1830, going directly into the army. Since then his advancement has been rapid, and he is now a general of division, and intrusted with the defense of Strasbourg—the bulwark of France on the Rhine. He has served in the Crimean and Algerian campaign; fought gallantly in the siege of Pampeluna, and participated in the Italian campaign, where his military science and bravery gained him universal recognition as a gallant and able officer. The General comes of a family of warriors, his three brothers all holding important positions in the army. All the world knows his heroic defense of Strasbourg.

TOURS, THE SEAT OF THE
FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

The city of Tours, now the actual seat of government in France, is situated on the narrow tongue of land between the rivers Loire and Cher, close to the point of their confluence. It is one hundred and twenty-seven miles southwest of Paris, and is in direct communication with the capital, Bordeaux, Nantes and Orleans. It has a population of about 45,000 inhabitants. The older parts of the city consist of narrow, crooked streets, with mean and ill-built houses. The city is surrounded by planted boulevards on the site of its ancient fortifications, and has twelve different entrances,



VIEW OF THE CITY OF TOURS, THE PRESENT SEAT OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

and five suburbs. It communicates with the opposite bank of the Loire by one of the finest bridges in Europe, and by two bridges with the opposite bank of the Cher. The archbishop's palace is one of the handsomest in France, and, among other conspicuous buildings, are the prefecture, college, and barracks. Tours had once extensive silk manufactures, but it has long been surpassed in this department of industry by Lyons. The country around the city is charming, and is regarded as the garden of France. The national gunpowder mills are in the vicinity of the city.

SONG.

BY STEPHEN MASSETT.

COME, lady, take these buds and flowers,
And twine them in thy nut-brown hair,
And I will weave for thee a wreath,
Richer than any queen could wear,
For thou shouldst have a coronet
Not glittering with costly gem—
The primrose and the violet
Shall be thy queenly diadem!

The jasmin bank shall be thy throne,
The hawthorn blossoms for thee
Shall breathe their fragrance, while the song
Of nightingale and humming-bee
Shall be thy music, and the shade
Of leafy bower and myrtle green
Shall weave for thee a sanctuary
Where thou shalt dwell in peace serene.

Then, lady, take these buds and flowers,
And twine them in thy nut-brown hair,
And I will weave a fragrant wreath,
Olympia's queen might proudly wear—
For offerings of gold and gems,
Lady, I would not bring to thee,
But offer one whose blossoming
May bloom in immortality!

JOHN SMITH, JR.

Yes, that was my unfortunate name—if name it can be called. John Smith, with the *junior* attached, to distinguish me from my paternal relative of the same hereditary appellation.

"John," said that respected personage, looking up from his newspaper, "how old are you?"

Now this question, which I have understood to be distasteful to the fair sex—at least to that portion of it not in the very first bloom of youth and loveliness—had no terrors for me, so I boldly answered:

"Twenty-eight, sir, unless the family record belle itself."

"Don't be irreverent, John. Twenty-eight—twenty-eight! A pretty age for a fellow not to be married!"

"Married, sir?"

"Certainly," quoth my father, sternly. "Twenty-eight—two years of thirty—and still unmarried. May I inquire whether it is your intention to remain a miserable, forlorn bachelor all your life?"

There was no shirking a subject thus pointedly presented.

"I—I can't say that I have any particular desire that way, sir," I stammered, blushing.

"Of course not," responded my father, decidedly—"of course not. I have a rather better opinion of your good sense, John. And now that that question is settled, it remains to decide when and whom you are to marry."

"Indeed, sir, I haven't an idea—I—I never thought—"

"I dare say not," quoth my father, sarcastically—"I dare say not; and so I have thought for you, John!"—here he sat bolt upright in his chair, and fixed his eyes steadily on mine: "John—I've got a wife for you!"

A faint gasp was my sole demonstration. The announcement came upon me like a sudden shower-bath.

"Yes, sir," continued my father, exultantly. "A wife—and such a wife! Upon my soul, if I were only younger—if I were but twenty-eight!"

And my father rose and stalked energetically across the carpet. A sudden sense of relief came to me.

"You're only fifty-three, sir: and older men have married—"

"Hold your tongue, sir! How dare you hint such a thing to me, you ungrateful dog! The girl's for you, not for me—and a thousand times too good for you, as I must confess."

"May I inquire her name?"

"Clementina Brownson."

The murder was out. My father had but just returned from a visit to an old schoolfellow and college-mate, in a distant county—Bartholomew Brownson, Esq., and, as I had observed, had appeared uncommonly thoughtful and preoccupied ever since.

"Splendid girl, John. Just twenty; magnificent eyes and figure; accomplished—dashing—superb rider—and heiress to a fortune!"

There rose before me for an instant a faint, fluttering vision of a sylph-like figure, with dove-like eyes and a sweet, timid voice—the eyes and voice of the doctor's daughter, Alice Boyne. I wondered to myself why I should have thought of her just at this moment.

"John," resumed my father, speaking abruptly, and so scaring away the timid vision. "John, we talked it all over—Brownson and I, and—and, in short, my son, you're to go down to Fairview and see Clementina, and judge for yourself. Better go at once, for she's just home from school, and there'll soon be scores of rivals in the field. Take time by the forelock, boy. You can't help liking the girl, if you've a particle of taste—such a fine, handsome, dashing creature. I confess, my son," continued my father, with a touch of pathos in his voice, "that I've set my heart upon this match, and solely with a view to your own good and happiness. If you're not pleased with the girl, or she's not pleased with you, why, there'll be

nothing more to be said about it. However, she's got an idea on the subject, and, so far as I can understand, is fully prepared to like you. I dare say it will be your own fault if she don't. They will be expecting you down about Thursday of next week—a ball, or party, or something of the sort. There's the invitation."

And my father threw upon the table before me a delicately perfumed and enameled envelope.

On the Wednesday of next week, accordingly, I was, like a dutiful son and a gallant suitor, on my way to the stage-depot of my native town, having previously booked my name for a comfortable back seat. I was just in time, as "coaches" mounted the box.

"All full, sir," said he, looking at me with an air of compassionate concern; "brim-full and running over. You'll hev to take a place on the box, alongside o' me, I'm afraid."

"But I've a place engaged," I remonstrated. "John Smith, Jr.—booked yesterday, for one inside seat."

"John Smith, Jr.," remarked the listening clerk, musingly. "To be sure. That's the seat, sir—No. 6—and that's the gentleman himself; leastwise, he calls himself John Smith, Jr." And he pointed with his pen to a tall, florid, good-looking young man of about my own age, apparently, who lolled back upon the seat—my seat—very much at his ease.

"All right! Clear the way, there! Jump up, sir!" bawled the coachee, and before I fairly knew how it was, I found myself perched aloft on the box, and rattling and reeling away over a rough mountain-road, all thoughts, save that of preserving my equilibrium and guarding my bones from danger, banished from my mind. Yet more than once during this three hours' drive I noted, with resentful bitterness, from my uneasy perch, the cheery laugh of Mr. John Smith inside, and the glossy tips of Mr. John Smith's boots, as they were thrust from the window in an attitude of luxurious repose.

Upon reaching the Lumsley Junction, the stage-coach passengers dispersed—some rushing frantically off to the railroad depot, while others more leisurely pursued their way to the canal station-house. I was among the latter, and as we were to pass the night on the packet, took care to secure to myself a berth without delay by means of a good bribe to the steward. In fact, my bones, though young and strong, felt sorely in need of rest after their late violent exercise.

Having seen my valise deposited in "Berth No. 15," and feeling thereby secure in possession, I betook myself to the deck for a smoke before "turning in" for the night. Here I lingered, dreamily watching the clouds and the moonlit ripples, and thinking on my unknown innamorata, the "dashing" Clementina, and also—if the truth must be told—on that other vision, though vaguely, until aroused by perceiving that the last of the passengers was leaving the deck for the regions of repose below. Thither I now also betook myself, with a comfortable assurance of a snug berth in waiting for me, and a quiet night's rest—at least, such rest as is to be had on a canal packet-boat.

My eyes, already half closed in drowsiness, opened a little at sight of Berth No. 15. That was—yes, surely that was a man's figure comfortably stretched therein; that was a man's snore saluting my ears as I drew nigh, and gazed, in indignant amaze, upon the intruder, and then turned, in equal indignation, to the treacherous steward.

"I beg pardon, sir," faltered that disconcerted official, "but it's *really* not my fault. I particularly mentioned to one of the boys that that 'ere berth was for Mr. John Smith, Jr. Didn't I, Daniel?" he added, reproachfully, turning to a waiter.

"Certainly!" briskly responded the individual addressed. "'Mr. John Smith, Jr.' was the very words; and that's him, if he knows his own name and ain't an impostor."

That was him indeed, as I now perceived—the veritable stalwart, florid, auburn-bearded young man who had before appropriated my place in the stage-coach, and was now depriving me of my legitimate night's rest. However, there was no help for it—remonstrance would have been useless, force even worse; and so, with one look of concentrated indignation at my namesake, I betook myself to a wretched den under one of the tables—the only unoccupied place—and there passed a miserable night.

At eight in the morning we reached Perryville, whence I was to take a private conveyance to Fairview, the residence of my prospective father-in-law, some twelve or fourteen miles distant. My first care was now to collect my baggage, consisting of a trunk, valise, and hat-box. The former and latter articles were easily found, but the valise had unaccountably disappeared. Half-an-hour previous I had myself deposited it—safely, as I thought—upon a bracket in the cabin.

"Buff leather valise, brass mountings, marked 'John Smith, Jr.'," repeated the steward after me. "Why, that's the very article as Hawkins there took ashore along with the gentleman's overcoat and things."

"What gentleman?"

"Mr. Smith, sir—'John Smith, Jr.'—him as Daniel give your berth to last night. I declare it's too bad, it is!" added the steward, sympathetically. "But," I overheard him continue, in a lower tone, to the bystanders, "such things can't be helped so long as folks will go by such a name as John Smith. Why, we've at least a score of 'em of that name registered each month, and a pretty rum-pus they sometimes has along o' taking each other's baggage, and being called upon to pay each other's bills!"

All my search for and inquiries after the missing valise and the absconding John Smith were vain. No shadow of a clue could I gain as to their probable or possible destination, and so in despair I betook myself to a hotel.

What was to be done? The Brownson *sete* was to take place on this evening, and my dressing-case, with its indispensable articles—

my new vest and collars, bought expressly for the occasion, and various other matters equally important, were contained in the unfortunate valise, to say nothing of a letter from my father, which I was to present as an assurance of my identity. For, as I may here remark, Mr. B. had never beheld the son of his old friend, John Smith, Sr.; neither, indeed, had the fair Clementina, though upon this score merely I had vanity enough to feel but small uneasiness. However common might be my unfortunate name, my looks, I flattered myself, were by no means so common. And I knew, on authority of a cousin of mine, that the young ladies at Madame Madini's Classical Institute peeped from the blinds as I passed, and called me a "troubadour," and a "bandit," and a "love of a man," all by virtue of my dark eyes and curling black hair and mustache. Only little Alice—but pshaw! why was it that, ever since Clementina had been mentioned to me by my father, I had been continually thinking of gentle, dove-like Alice Boyne?

I will not weary the reader with a detailed account of my expedients in regard to the lost valise. Suffice it to say that, having, with much difficulty and considerable expense, substituted various indifferent articles of attire from the limited "shops" of Perryville, in lieu of the lost ones, I next proceeded to a livery stable, and there hired the most stylish conveyance I could find, engaging the same to take me to Fairview at five o'clock that evening. This done, I retraced my steps to the hotel, to dine, and for a refreshing siesta, in view of the prospective evening's festivities.

Punctually at the appointed hour I presented myself at the livery-stable. A man—not the man with whom I had made the engagement, but an under official—responded to my call, and looked considerably puzzled upon my demanding the horse and buggy I had engaged.

"Mr. John Smith, Jr.," muttered he, absently, scratching his scrubby head. "Certainly, that was the name, sir; engaged buggy No. 3 and the sorrel mare—but they've been gone nigh upon an hour."

"Gone! Who's gone? Where to?"

"Mr. Smith, sir—the gentleman as hired 'em. He came in an hour ago, in a despatch hurry, and called out for a conveyance to Mr. Brownson's place, Fairview. I asked if he was Mr. John Smith, Jr., and he said that was his name; so I had out the sorrel and No. 3 in no time, and they're off, sir."

My evil genius again! But I now really began to surmise that there must be some design in all this, and that the auburn-haired John Smith, Jr., was an impostor and a swindler. Gone to Fairview! What could be his errand there? And I determined to follow on as rapidly as possible, and forestall him, instead of allowing myself to be forestalled, as heretofore.

But, alas! we cannot always carry out our own designs, or mold our own destiny. My double having appropriated the "crack" conveyance of the place, and other vehicles being also engaged for the same destination, there remained to me but a miserable, worn-out gig and a still more worn-out horse, wherewith I was fain, perforce, to be content; and thus accommodated, I commenced the final stage of my journey, not without feelings of considerable chagrin as well as ire.

The road was bad—country roads are always bad; the horse was slow; and after going a mile or two it began to rain—not a gentle rain, but a regular pouring-down deluge. We lay by for an hour or two under shelter of an old deserted log-cabin, and about dark resumed our journey, plunging through mud and mire, and jolting into deep ruts full of rain-water, until at length, with a sudden lurch, the miserable vehicle fairly tumbled over on one side, and deposited me in the very midst of the miry road.

Again, what was to be done? What could be done? There was no house between us and Fairview; the hostler who drove me declared that the vehicle must be mended before it could proceed, and that the horse was lamed by his fall; and so, there being no alternative, I was fain to tramp two miles through mud and darkness, and to present myself in this prepossessing style at the door of my lady-love.

The house was ablaze with lights. Conducted through a back passage-way, wet, muddy, woe-begone, I caught a glimpse through an open door of brilliant figures grouped about; and, as fate would have it, standing at that door was a tall, handsome, dashing-looking girl, talking with apparently much interest and some coyness to a man of fine-looking figure, whose back was toward me.

"Good gracious!" I heard the fair one exclaim, with a very natural start, as her eyes fell upon me furtively gliding past the door; and her companion, turning suddenly, revealed to me the laughing blue eyes and auburn beard of my evil genius—my double—John Smith, Jr.

"Who was that young lady?" I asked, in suppressed emotion, of the wondering servant who was showing me the way to some private apartment of the upper stories.

"That, sir! that was young missus—Miss Clementina Brownson; and the gentleman with her was Mr. Smith, sir—Mr. John Smith from —," mentioning the name of the town in which I resided.

"The villain!" exclaimed I, furiously, now thoroughly aroused. "I'll expose him—I'll have him arrested. Go and request your master, Mr. Brownson, to be so good as to come to me immediately. Tell him that—that—stay, here's my card."

The darkey hurried off, much wonder expressed in his open eyes and mouth; but he came not back; neither did Mr. Brownson make his appearance. I afterward learned that the card had not been received by him, and as it was now far advanced toward the "small hours," and already the roll of carriage-wheels proclaimed the departure of some guests, I concluded to retire for the night, and

leave explanations and the settling of accounts with Mr. John Smith for the morrow.

On the morrow, however, I found myself in a very unfitting plight for the settlement I had meditated. Worn out, weary, suffering excruciating headache and rheumatic pains in my shoulders, I was utterly unable to rise from my bed. And when, at an early hour before breakfast, Mr. Brownson came, wondering and bewildered, in his dressing-gown, I was content to give a very simple and unimpassioned account of the whole affair.

The old gentleman's look of bewilderment changed presently to one of indignation.

"It is some scoundrelly plot!" said he, flushing up. "I see, from the likeness to my respected friend, John Smith, of —, that you must be his son; and for that other fellow, that impostor—stay, my dear sir, I'll soon find out the truth; and meantime consider yourself as entirely at home; and, believe me, there is nothing that I and—and my daughter will not be glad to do which can in any way minister to your convenience."

Yet I noticed that he mentioned his daughter with a little just perceptible air of doubt or hesitation, and the thought at once flashed upon me: "Is it possible that she can already have fallen in love with this fellow, under the impression of his being the original John Smith, Jr.?"

Alas! it was even so. Without lengthening out a disagreeable story, it is enough to say that the explanation, which came presently in the shape of Mr. John Smith himself, looking very cordial, and not at all abashed, sufficed fully, and to all but myself satisfactorily, to account for the series of *contretemps* which I have here recorded.

Mr. John Smith, Jr.—my namesake—was really a very innocent and well-disposed personage. He had taken possession of the seat in the stage-coach, of the berth on the canal-packet, and of the buggy at Perryville, because they had been appointed him by the legitimate authorities (in the belief of his being the original John Smith), and in entire unconsciousness that he was thereby usurping the rights of another. It was not until finding my unfortunate valise among his baggage, after leaving Perryville, that he became aware of the fact that the property of another person had been innocently appropriated by, or rather, to himself, and upon this conviction he had hastened back to Perryville, where, failing to learn anything respecting me, he had, he apologetically said, ventured upon the liberty of opening the valise, in the anticipation of finding some clue to the owner. This he discovered in the address of the letter to Mr. Brownson; whereupon he had immediately proceeded, as already related, to the residence of that gentleman, to whom he announced himself by his proper name of John Smith, Jr.

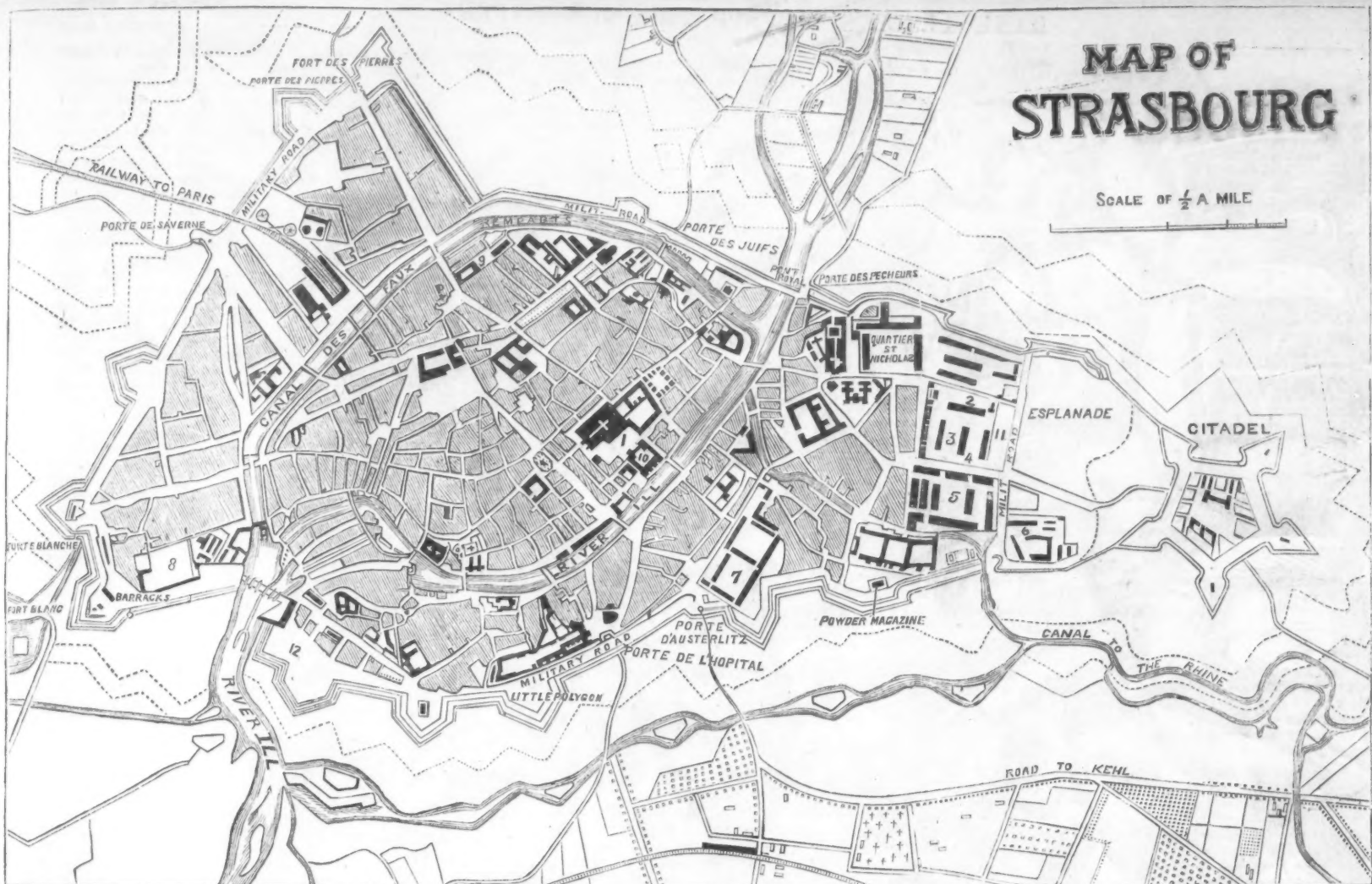
"My dear sir, delighted to see you!" had been his greeting. "Been expecting you all the afternoon, and feared some accident might have occurred. Explanation and apologies? Oh, never mind explanations and apologies just now. Your room is all ready, and I shall be delighted to introduce you to my daughter and a few friends whom we are expecting this evening."

And so, without a moment allowed him for explaining his identity and his errand, Mr. John Smith had been hurried off to his room—to my room—and there left to muse upon the "situation." He made the best of it, and, strong in the confidence of social position and an unblemished name and reputation, duly presented himself in the parlors at the proper hour, and was introduced to Miss Brownson, who, under the impression that this was her destined bridegroom, accorded him a most gracious and winning reception. The result may be easily surmised. Mr. John Smith and Miss Clementina Brownson fell irrevocably in love with each other to the extent that, when the explanation of his mistaken identity was on the following day made, the case was for me altogether hopeless. Moreover, as it turned out that Mr. Brownson knew something of that family of Smiths also, and the gentleman himself found some acquaintances among his host's guests, there could be no reasonable excuse for turning him out of doors, and so he was requested to remain, which invitation he accepted. And for the two or three days in which I remained an invalid, he would come to my room, and sit talking in his frank, cordial, free-and-easy manner, until despite myself I came actually to like the fellow.

I went down-stairs on the fourth day, dreading a little the meeting with Miss Brownson, and resolved to take my departure on the day following. And the very first person I saw—the very first figure my eyes rested upon as I entered the drawing-room, was the slight, graceful form of Alice Boyne—an old school-mate, by-the-by, of Miss Brownson, as that young lady explained to me.

I didn't go next day. And when, at the end of a week, we finally took our departure from the hospitable roof of Mr. Bartholomew Brownson, I think it would have been hard to decide which was the happiest individual—I or the other John Smith, Jr. We have been firm friends ever since—as have our wives, Alice and Clementina.

A DANCE WITHOUT A SMILE.—They have a singular kind of dance conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart—a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there—each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune; a youth pulls off his cap, and challenges his girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent; the youth advances, takes a corner of the kerchief in his hand, and leads his lassie round and round. No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids, the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round, and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The piper goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure; and the prize of merit in this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by spectators to the lassie who, in all that summer revelry, has never spoken and never smiled.



A MAP OF THE CITY OF STRASBOURG, WITH ITS FORTIFICATIONS.—SEE PAGE 60.

EXPULSION OF GERMANS FROM PARIS.

IMMEDIATELY upon the publication of the war in Paris, its people of native birth became so frenzied that they insisted on the expulsion, by the police authorities, of all foreigners, but more particularly Germans domiciled in the city. The Prefect of the Seine, possibly thinking it politic to accede to the popular demand, at once notified the Germans, and particularly the Prussians, to retire from Paris at as early an hour as possible. Such an order caused great distress among the people thus notified, but there was no help for it. They saw that the cry of "Prussian spies" which had seized upon the Parisian imagination might lead to dangerous consequences to them, and in accepting the invitation of the Prefect they would simply prove, in this instance at least, that "discretion was the better part of valor." But they were not permitted to make even the simplest arrangements for the protection of their property. The police and soldiers of the line called on them to pick up such apparel, etc., as they might require for a journey to Berlin, or wherever else out of France they might elect to go, and depart on the instant. It is not possible to describe the distress that followed. Families were broken up, property lost, and hundreds of quiet, industrious people driven from their workshops to the railroad stations, where trains were in waiting to convey them far from the French capital. Our illustration, from a sketch taken on the spot, shows how the unfortunate German people were, by the suspicions of the French and the exigencies of war, forced to retire from Paris.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

OUR readers have doubtless made themselves acquainted with the political changes that, in Paris, followed the disastrous battle of Sedan, which closed with the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon and the capitulation of MacMahon's army. When Palikao, who was at the head of the Ministry, announced the misfortunes which had befallen the Empire to the Corps Législatif, he asked that the session be adjourned in order that members of the Government might consult together and determine on some plan for the future of France. M. Favre, at present at the head of the Republic, upon this rose in his place and proposed the Empire be declared abrogated. The Legislature, however, agreed to give Palikao the time he demanded. On that body reassembling at midnight of Saturday, September 3d, the Count de Palikao was willing to waive his own proposal in favor of that brought forward by M. Thiers, but eventually all three propositions were referred to the Bureau, the Chamber having declared in favor of their urgency, and the sitting was suspended. It was during this suspension that the crowd penetrated into the Salles des Quatre Colonnes and de la Paix, in the latter of which, M. Jules Ferry, mounting on a bench, amid cries of "Vive la République!" "Vive Ferry!" informed the multitude that he had given Count de Palikao his word that the people would not enter the actual hall where the deputies of the Corps Législatif deliberate, which, he said, ought to remain sacred. The speaker having

called upon the National Guard to defend the entry, the soldiers on guard retired, and the crowd continued to call for the dethronement, which, they urged, ought to be immediately proclaimed. M. Ernest Picard then addressed them, saying that the Chamber was about to pronounce itself on this very question. He begged them to wait patiently the decision of the deputies, which could not but be favorable to the unanimous demand of the people. M. Emmanuel Arago next came forward, observing, "that they knew for what the Democratic party in the Chamber had combated, but that it was for the people to decide who should govern them." He was followed by the President, M. Schneider, who had been requested by several deputies and officers of the National Guard to address the people. He remarked that he had always been devoted to the Empire and his country, and he begged the crowd to be calm and to allow the Chamber to deliberate, and not to let it appear that their representatives discussed under popular pressure. "Before all," said he, "one must save France," which aroused shouts of "Yes! yes!" "Vive la République!" Meanwhile, M. Glais Bizoin, in the Salle des Quatre Colonnes, called on the people in the name of Liberty not to compromise what they were about to proclaim; and M. Ferry, conducted into the Salle de la Paix by several National Guards, was invited to address the people assembled there. "Citizens," he said, "I do not call on you to evacuate the Corps Législatif, but be calm, and allow us to deliberate." M. Steenackers also called on the multitude to wait till the dethronement was pronounced. But the crowd would not resign its idea of penetrating into the Salle des Séances. It discussed the members to be designated to form a Provisional Government, and a paper on which was written the names of seven deputies of the Left was hung to the statue of Minerva. The pillars and walls were also covered with inscriptions demanding the dethronement of the Emperor and the proclamation of the Republic—demands which were re-echoed by the incessant clamors of the crowd. At half-past two, when the sitting was resumed, the galleries were crowded and very noisy. The members of the Left only were in their places. It was in vain the President attempted to obtain silence. MM. Gambetta and Crémieux appeared together at the tribune, and the former begged of the people not to speak. For a minute something like silence was obtained; but the populace arriving by the various passages and the Salles des Pas-Perdus not finding any room in the already overcrowded tribunes, invaded the Chamber from behind. Several deputies of the Left succeeded in keeping them at bay for a little while, during which interval the President seconded the exhortations of M. Gambetta in pressing and energetic terms. A partial silence was again obtained, and Count de Palikao, followed by a few members of the majority, entered the chamber; but a minute or two afterward the clamor arose again, and the crowd began to invade the floor of the hall; whereupon the President put on his hat and retired, with Count de Palikao and the members who had accompanied him. By this time the Chamber was completely invaded by National Guards and Gardes Mobiles, in company with a noisy crowd, whose advance it was in vain to attempt to repel. M. Jules Favre, having mounted the tribune, obtained a moment's hearing. "No scenes of violence," cried he; "let us reserve

our arms for our enemies." Finding it utterly impossible to obtain any further hearing inside the chamber, M. Gambetta, accompanied by the members of the Left, proceeded to the steps of the Corps Législatif, and there announced the dethronement of the Emperor to the people assembled outside. They then hurried to the Hôtel de Ville and installed themselves as a Provisional Government.

THE DEAD OF SEDAN.

TO PASS over a field of slaughter at the close of a great battle, when the smoke has rolled away, and the contending armies, exhausted by excitement and fatigue, are lost in sleep, must, in the stillness of the night, try the strongest nerves. To look around and everywhere find corpses stark and stiff—some with sweet smiles on their lips, as if they had passed away in a moment of ecstasy, while others, with faces turned toward the sombre sky, have on them an expression of intense agony—must be awful. And when, now and then, the explorer suddenly tumbles over a ghastly heap of blood and flesh and bones and rags of cloth mingled together—a mass of horror, in which little resemblance to aught human can be distinguished—how his soul must sicken at the dreadful thought that what lies before him, its awfulness not wholly revealed, was, a few hours before, living and divine! War is always terrible; but, in the dark hours of a night succeeding a great battle, when the dead are lying by hundreds on the field, uncared for, it rises to a feeling of horror which no word in our language can express.

Our engraving illustrates a scene on the night succeeding the battle at Sedan, before the dead, gathered in vast graves, were buried from sight forever.

AN AFTERNOON CONCERT ON THE BATTERY.

DURING the summer season, now rapidly drawing to a close, the members of the Board of Public Parks were not unmindful of the general desire for recreation, particularly in the sultry evenings, and ordered the Central Park band to visit the Battery one afternoon in every week, and discourse sweet music to those who, from the surrounding streets and the immigrant depot at Castle Garden, were attracted to a spot which once was the fashionable resort of all New Yorkers. The engraving may be said to be a photograph from nature. It is exact in every particular. In it are grouped the characters to be seen in the neighborhood of the Battery, with great exactness—the men and women who reside in Greenwich, West, and other streets near by, also, the newly-arrived from beyond the great sea—those who have come here that they may find that which had not been theirs in their native lands, home and work, and happiness and social independence.

THE POVERTY AND WEALTH OF ENGLAND.—Ruskin, in one of his recent lectures, says: "Though England is deafened with spinning-wheels, her people have not clothes; though she is black with digging of fuel, they die of cold; and though she has sold her soul for gain, they die of hunger."

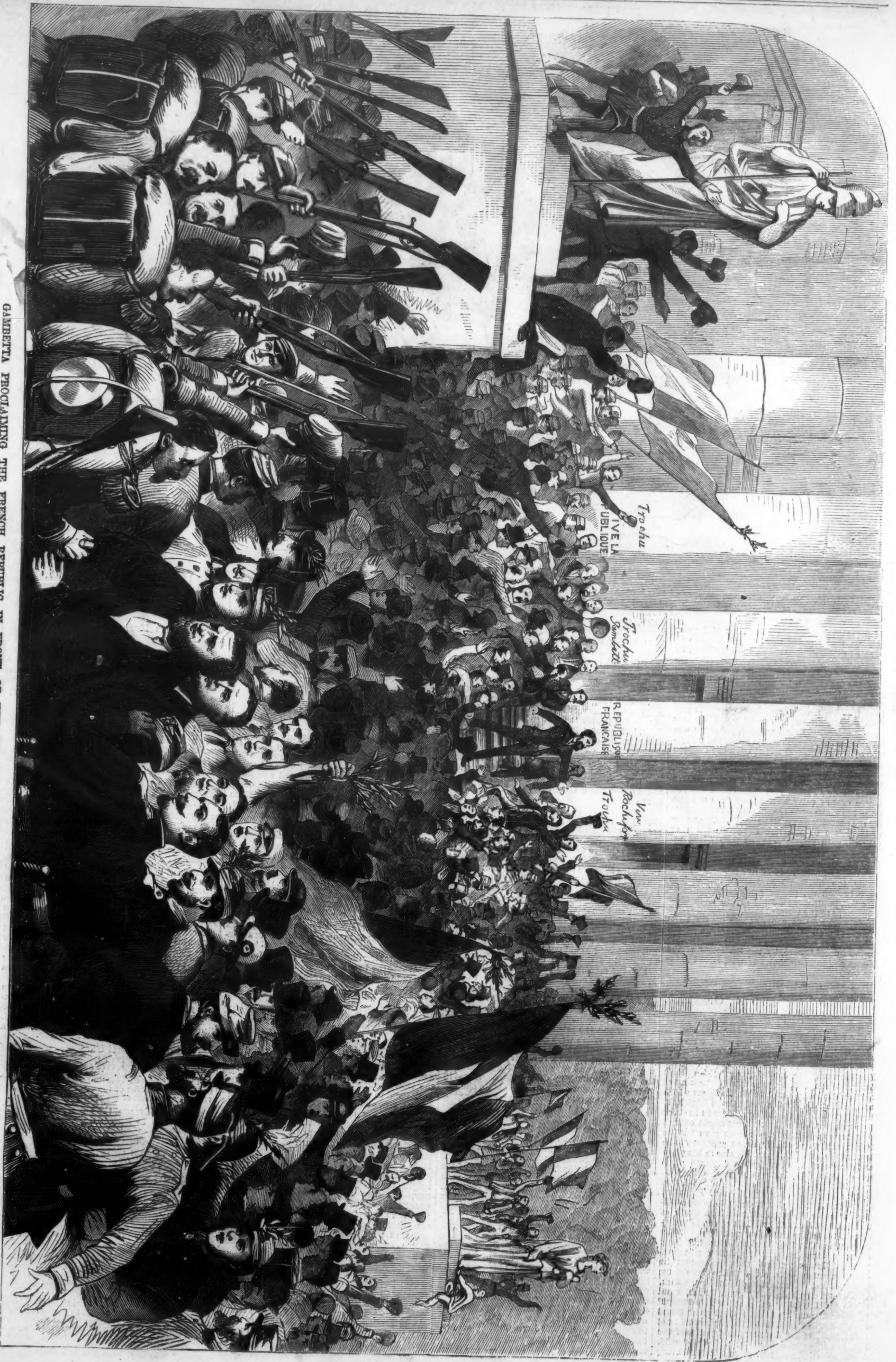
MAP OF STRASBOURG

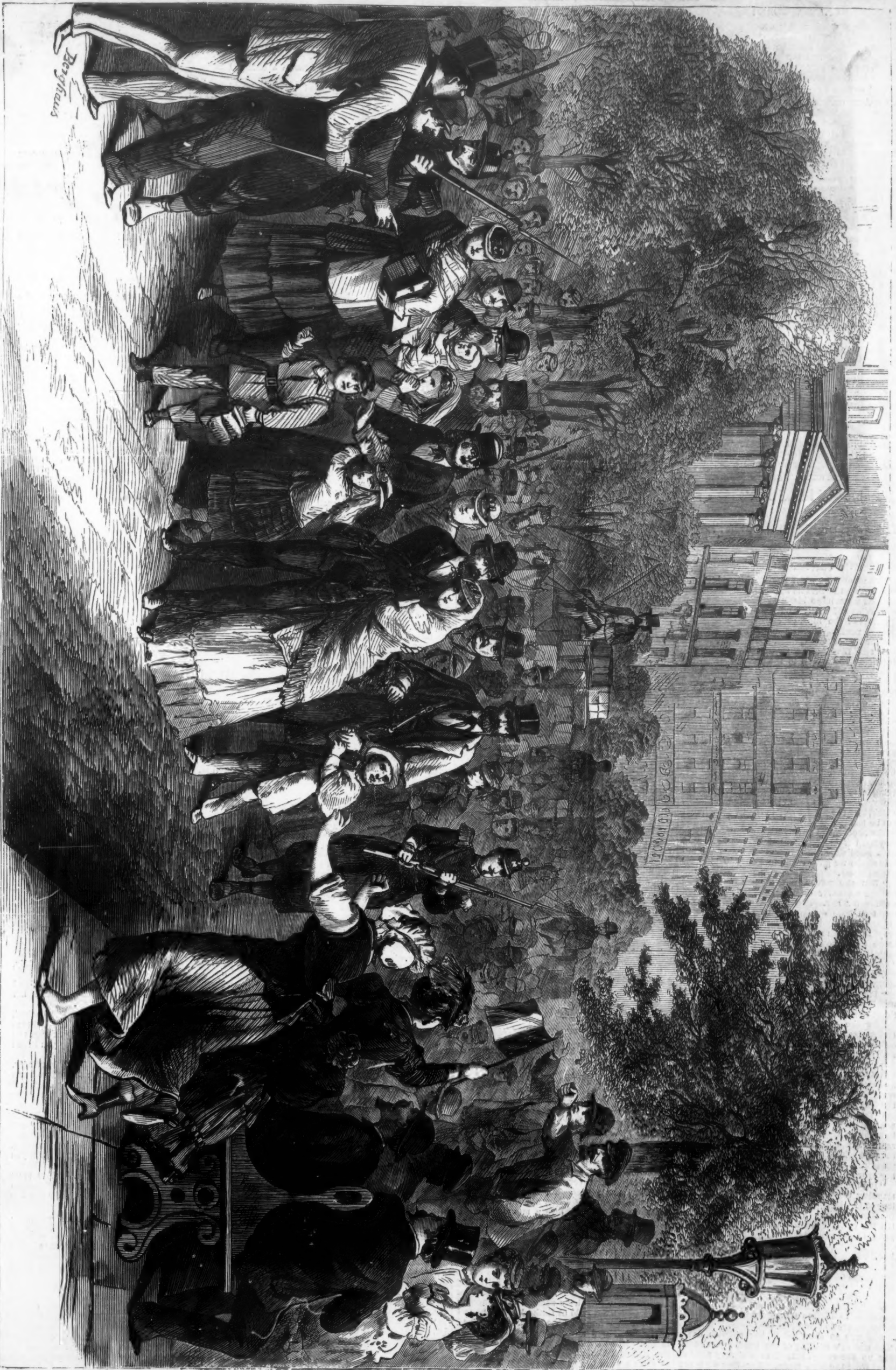
SCALE OF 1/2 A MILE

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MISS NELLIE GRANT is said to be a poetess. THE Prince of Wales is to be a Field-Marshal. MR. THOMAS HUGHES, M. P., is making a tour of the West. GENERAL LOOMIS is the oldest living graduate of West Point. THE Shah of Persia travels with a retinue of six thousand persons. JOHN KITTIS, aged 108 years, the oldest citizen of Baltimore, is dead. DON VINCENTE QUADRA is the popular candidate for President in Nicaragua. THE Archbishop of Canterbury has an income of \$75,000, and very little to do. GENERAL WILLIAMS, the defender of Kars, has been appointed Governor of Gibraltar. ONE of the oldest and most popular of the authors of Berlin, Gubitz, died recently. TAMBURINI, the once famous baritone singer, has been ruined by the speculations of his son. MME. UHRICH, the wife of the Governor of Strasbourg, was the famous danseuse Taglioni. THE late U. S. Consul Parsons, stationed at Santiago de Cuba, was a nephew of Senator Wade. GENERAL E. F. COOK, the late Secretary of Legation to Chile, died of disease contracted in rebel prisons. MOLTKE and Steinmetz, the Prussian generals, commenced their military career fighting the First Napoleon. ROMERO, who has been one of the most prominent men in the Mexican Republic, is now Secretary of State. QUEEN AUGUSTA'S "chef de cuisine" has been ordered to wait upon the ex-Emperor Napoleon at Wilhelmshöhe. THE Prussian Ministers sent eleven sons to the war—Bismarck two, both wounded, and one severely; Von Moltke, two; Von Roon, four. M. BERTHEMY is occupying a peculiar position as French Minister at Washington. Though a strong Imperialist, he represents a Republic. THE French General Uhrich, in command of Strasbourg, is of German descent, and the besieging German General Werder is of French descent. THE Marquis of Westminster will fill in the Order of the Knight of the Garter, the place made vacant by the death of the Earl of Clarendon. MATTHIAS KELLER, the author of the American Hymn, is in Boston, old and destitute, and amusement-makers are fixing up a benefit for him. THE remains of the lamented pianist Louis Moreau Gottschalk arrived at New York from Rio Janeiro on the 21st, for interment in Greenwood Cemetery. MRS. PATTERSON-BONAPARTE is now more sanguine than ever that her grandson Jerome, who is now in the French army, will yet be the ruler of France. THE Baroness de Renmont, in her ninety-fifth year, has been driven from her chateau near Montmedy, by the Prussians, for the third time, they having forced her to leave in '92, and again in 1874. MRS. VAN COTT, the Methodist exhortress of the East, is sick at Greenfield, Mass., worn down by her pulpit efforts. Though she is a most successful revivalist, the Methodist authorities refuse her license to preach. THE nominal Commander-in-Chief of all the Prussian armies, Field-Marshal Count Wrangle, received, on the 15th of August, the congratulations of King William to the seventy-fourth anniversary of the day when he entered the Prussian army.

GAMBETTA PROCLAIMING THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIF. PARIS.—See Page 64.





EXPULSION OF THE GERMANS FROM PARIS BY THE AUTHORITIES, AT THE INSTIGATION OF THE POPULACE, UPON THE DECLARATION OF WAR.—SEE PAGE 65.

ONLY A WORD!

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A parting in angry haste,
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,
The loving look and the tender kiss,
Has set on a barren waste,
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A moment that blots out years,
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore,
Where billows of passion surge and roar
To break in a spray of tears;
Tears shed to blind the severed pair,
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flash from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core,
Are ashes and dust for evermore.
Two faces turn to the crowd,
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped,
It has cut in twain the mystic tie
That had bound two souls in harmony,
Sweet Love lies bleeding or dead,
A poisoned shaft with scarce an aim,
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! for the loves and lives
So little a cause has rent apart;
Tearing the fondest heart from heart,
As a whirlwind reads and rives,
Never to reunite again,
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! that it should be so!
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,
Have wrought more evil, and done more wrong,
Have brought to the world more woe,
Then all the armies age to age
Records on history's blood-stained page.

THE WIFE'S PLOT;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE HATHERLEIGHS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE moonlight slept peacefully on hill and dale, but on the Tors its silvery sheen was intermingled with huge black shadows, and weird whisperings of chilly winds, which hid among the folds of the hills, or crept idly along the moonlit peaks. In the vale of the Seven Sisters the light shone clearly, showing heath and rock and Druid stone in that cold, calm distinctness which gives to the moonlit landscape a look of death. The shadows of the seven Stony Sisters lay still and solemn on the plain like gray phantoms struck by a wizard hand into an everlasting sleep. And sitting to and fro across their filmy, quiet shapes was a living shadow—the shadow of a woman, which passed restlessly up and down between the ranks of the seven dead Stony Sisters, with a heart as quivering and as hot as theirs was cold and still. They represented the unchanging past—the time gone, and fixed forever into stone—never, never to be breathed upon or altered by living tears or repentance or gnashing of teeth; she represented the ever-changing present, which, like the plastic clay in the potter's hand, can be molded as we will. Like bright-winged spirits obedient to our wish are the moments as they fly, but once gone, not having been sped on a good deed, they take the idle or the unholy shape we gave them, and change to everlasting stone.

"Will she never, never come?" said this restless wanderer on the hills. "I grow mad waiting for her. Perhaps she hates me—she ought to hate me—and she will not listen to my appeal. And there is no time for tears and prayers; Ralph and the son I gave him come home to-morrow. Oh, I wish I could keep back the day for a thousand years!"

Lina looked passionately up at the night sky, with angry tears in her eyes, and the old childish impatience flushing her face.

"I'll sit down," she said. "I'm weary of walking to and fro. I'm weary of all things. I think I shall be glad to die."

Near the Seven Sisters was a long mound, turf-covered, and Lina sat on this, pulling at little tufts of heath with her restless fingers, and, as she gathered them, flinging them away. "I am sitting on a grave," she said. "The old tales say there were nine sisters once, but two were buried alive, being wicked than the rest. Perhaps this is one of them. I'll look for her bones."

With that unthinking fancy which made her a child all her life, Lina pursued her foolish thought, pulling up heath by the roots, till she came to the old granite, which long ages had covered with verdure. Then she smiled, and measured the length of the fallen block with her eyes.

"It's taller and bigger than any of the sisters standing up," she said. "It's a brother—the legend is wrong—ay, that's it—it's a brother to the Stony Sisters. It's Ephraim—it's Ephraim! It's the coffin I foretold him for his soul. I'll put his name on it."

Laughing out loud in the moonlight, Lina knelt on the dewy ground, and, with the largest blade of her penknife, she cut "EPHRAIM" in big letters on the turf covering the old Druid stone.

"I have done it very well," she said to herself. "When he dies, and all the little foxy devils seize him, to whom he belongs, they'll know where to bring him now."

She was so absorbed in her childish deed, that she saw nothing of the quiet figure stealing up the valley, bathed in a silvery flood of light from the high moon. Kneeling with her back toward the coming figure, Lina contem-

plated her work, and talked still with her own thoughts of Ephraim.

"How blind he is, with all his cunning! He does not see the game is played out, and all the stakes are in the hands of the Hatherleighs. I knew it the instant Ralph spoke of the marriage with Lord Brimblecombe. Ah! my blood is not too base for them now."

With childish exultation she laughed a little, then stopped with sudden tears shining in her eyes.

"I am mad to laugh," she said, "with the end coming on us so quickly. And it will kill Ralph—the good man I have deceived so long. That makes me desperate. I can defy Ephraim and the Hatherleighs now; I can fling myself down at their feet in my despair, and die, or I can throw my last chance and win—yes, win. Then I'll comfort my poor old pater; I'll laugh at Byles a little, and die quietly, dropping like a tiny, withered leaf on the ripe ground. Then let them tell it. I only want to die in my husband's arms, not hated, not with his angry face looking into my dying eyes—no, no!" she cried, and she shuddered, crossing her arms on her thin bosom tightly. "I'll only ask her to save me from that—nothing more—and it won't be for long; I am but a withered leaf. I withered from the day I wrote my name Hatherleigh. I hate their pride! Pride has done it all. How it shines in the moonlight, this great white 'Ephraim' I've cut out in the turf! He'll come here and live in the stone, shut up forever. I dreamed it once, or saw it in a dream. I don't know which. Yes, they'll bring him here when he dies. For Lucifer won't have Byles; he knows him too well. It wouldn't do even there to have a creature like Ephraim running loose, so they'll send him away to make a little oven to himself."

Pleased with this conceit, Lina laughed out loud, and leaned her hand upon the old fallen Druid stone.

"There will be no touch on it ever more," she said. "When he is here it will be too hot then. How I must hate this reptile, that such queer fancies grow round his image in my mind! And to think that he should ever dare to look at Ethel! Oh, will she never, never come?"

Turning with the thought, Lina saw her close by, standing in the midst of the Stone Sisters, with their long shadows on the grass at her feet, and the silvery moonlight shining whitely on her, making her seem a spirit. Then at last a great shame seized the small, light, foolish woman, and sinking down upon the ground, she hid her face in her hands, and her sobs broke through the soft silence piteously.

In a moment Ethel was kneeling by her side, holding her in her arms, pressing her head upon her shoulder, and raining kisses on her thin white cheek. This was the first time Lina Hatherleigh had felt Ethel's kisses on her face, and her overloaded heart sent a cry to her lips which rang up through the silent hills, bitter as the cry of the mother in the wilderness, when her child was perishing for water, and she "sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept."

At last grief spent itself a little in these vain tears, and Lina raised herself from the ground and looked shivering in Ethel's face.

"I was afraid you would not get my letter, or, having got it, would fear to come," she said, brokenly.

"There is nothing to fear among the quiet hills," answered Ethel. "I should have obeyed your wish even had you bidden me go to some dangerous and dreadful spot."

"You owe me no obedience—you owe me nothing but hate," interrupted Lina in a moaning voice; "and not guessing you would be kind to me, I asked you to meet me here at night that no one might hear your bitter words, and no one might see my misery."

Her head dropped again, and her lips shook in the deep sobs which rose fast from her dry throat.

"Do not weep so," said Ethel, holding her in her arms. "You frighten me."

"I want to tell you—" cried Lina, clinging to her.

"No, no," said Ethel, "tell me nothing; I know it all."

"From the Hatherleighs?" exclaimed Lina, flashing up into a momentary strength.

"No, not from them," replied Ethel; "they are not aware yet that I know it. Lewis Hartrow told me yesterday evening on this very spot."

"So he took my money and betrayed me?" said Lina, hurriedly.

Ethel blushed at her words, and tears of shame started to her eyes.

"He did not take the money," she said; "I have it in my keeping to give back to you. I was dutiful to him, thinking him my father, and he was so grateful that—tears stopped her voice a moment, then she went on more bravely—"that, bidding me farewell yesterday in this wild place, he burst out into sudden weeping like a child, and asked me if I had not thought it strange that he had never given me a word of affection or even touched my hand? I answered 'yes,' sorrowfully; for it is true I had thought him very hard. Then he cried out there was a reason for it, and he was not worthy of a touch of mine, and he would not cheat me of a child's love a moment longer. 'This is the cruellest thing I have ever done,' he said, 'to let a lady like you believe me her father, and show me a daughter's kindness. But I hated the Hatherleighs, and fancied it would please me to see how things were standing over here. I was mistaken. I am cut to the heart through your kindness, and I'll wrong them no more.' Then he told me a strange tale, which would have seemed a madness to me if I had not staid at Hatherleigh; but as I listened, I felt he spoke the truth, and all I had lately heard and misunderstood became clear to me. It was then he gave me the money you had sent him, and I made him promise not to utter a word to any one of the story he had told me."

"But you told it yourself at Hatherleigh when you went back?" said Lina.

"No, no; how could I?" answered Ethel, breaking suddenly into tears. "How could I speak to that dying, broken-hearted man, and tell him I knew I had Ralph's place, Ralph's name and inheritance? Oh, mine is a cruel, cruel place indeed!"

The foolish woman, who had played with human love as with a toy, listened with a dim sense on her of the might and strength of the wrong she had done.

"I never thought this would grow so big and dreadful," she said, piteously. "It seemed such a little thing to do, and so easy. It made Ralph happy, and they rang the bells at Hatherleigh for joy. Don't hate me; don't think me so terribly wicked. I am not that. I should never have thought of it but for the Hatherleigh pride, which stung me every day, thinking me too mean and small to revenge myself; and even for that I would not have done it, but"—and here she came close to Ethel, and clinging to her with both her fragile arms, she leaned upon her, weeping—"but I thought my own child was dead, and I could not bear that grief, or endure to tell it to Ralph, and let him go to sea heart-sick with disappointment. I had waited and hoped ten years. You, with your girl's heart, cannot guess the pain of being childless, or imagine the bitterness of the fear that fell upon me, when I fancied my hope was gone. I had fever when Hester's boy was born, and there seemed no chance of my little one's life, and Hester was so full of hatred to the Hatherleighs, that she lost no time in sending a message to my husband, saying he had a son. 'If your child lives and is a boy, there is no harm done,' she said to me; 'so don't fret your life away!' for I cried bitterly, Ethel; it was so hard to wait and hope for ten years, and then take a stranger's infant for my own. I was getting better of the fever when you were born; but I was so weak, and you so weak, that for days your little life seemed only flickering into death; and though I loved you, I could not bear the thought of going home childless. And so time slipped on, and things grew fixed somehow as they were; but I never dreamed they would grow and swell to such a load of pain as lies now upon our hearts. It seemed to me then that I had not done much harm. I had given joy to my father and my husband, and the Hatherleighs had forgiven him his marriage at last. I knew how he had felt the estrangement, and how for years he had looked for the birth of a son to reconcile all differences, and so when I had a happy letter from him, I kissed you and wished you good-by for ever. I fancied I should not feel it much, but when I heard of the wreck and believed you were drowned, my heart told me which babe I was the mother of. I had made Hester promise to give you to Philip Dalton, and the shock to me was terrible when I saw his name and his wife's among the lost. I loved you then, Ethel; but I have loved Ralph since, and he is the treasure of your father's heart. Oh, don't kill him with grief! Show mercy to your wretched mother and to poor Ralph if you can."

"There is nothing I will not do," answered Ethel, trembling very much, "to save you, and Ralph, and my father, from sorrow. I will go away and never ask for love or pity, and I will die before I will take Ralph's lands."

Lina accepted this sacrifice eagerly. "This is what I came to ask you," she cried. "Keep back the Hatherleighs from hurting me. Don't let them tell my husband; he would hate me, and his heart would break over his love for Ralph. See, Ethel! I shall not live long, and I only ask to die with my husband's arms about me, and his kind eyes looking on me to the last. Then, when I am gone, let the Hatherleighs give you your rightful place; let them throw all the disgrace and shame they will upon my grave, and let them make Ralph Hartrow a beggar."

The selfishness of this cry, coming from her small heart, only struck Ethel's larger nature with pity, while her generous love for Ralph filled her with courage and high resolve. "Have no fear," she said; "go back to your home in peace. I will never be acknowledged by the Hatherleighs while you live; no, nor after your death, unless they consent to all my wishes. For years I have believed myself the daughter of a poor, despised man—one of the world's worst outcasts, for whom it has no pity—it will be no grief, no shame to me to keep that position, but it would kill Ralph Hatherleigh. I give him that name still, I will always give it to him. I will not rob him of the name or of the inheritance. No entreaty, no argument Mrs. Hatherleigh can use, shall change me. I throw in my lot with the wanderer, Lewis Hartrow, from this day henceforth, and I will call myself by his name. Will this do?—will this be enough? Or shall I go to Australia with him, if he is happy enough to escape from England? I will do that if it will make you and Ralph happier."

"O Heaven have mercy! have mercy on me!" cried Lina, rocking herself to and fro in her agony. "How can I let you do this, Ethel? No, no, that would be too much! Hartrow will be in prison soon; you must stay with Mr. Dalton."

Then she caught at her daughter's hand, holding it tightly, while she gazed into her face. "Tell me," she said, "that I have been wicked and cruel; utter some reproach; your silence kills me!"

"The cruelty falls on Ralph, not on me," said Ethel, in a broken voice; "and it has wounded old Mr. Hatherleigh to the heart. He loves the grandson you sent him, and he looks on me with coldness, if not hate. That love will help me now to save you all from sorrow."

"Heaven grant it may!" answered Lina. "I knew he'd like the boy; that is why I left him at Hatherleigh when I went to Italy."

She thought nothing of these careless words, or of the cruelty of her deed; but Ethel's heart beat fast against her side, and she drew her hand

away from her mother's. Lina shrank at this as if she had received a blow.

"I was sure you would hate me!" she cried, brokenly. "But if you knew what a poor, little, foolish, weak thing I am, you would not detest me utterly. And I have suffered a good deal—I have indeed. I am afraid I take away your lover from you, and you can't forgive me that. I suppose if you keep your word with me, and refuse to let the Hatherleighs acknowledge you, your marriage with Lord Brimblecombe will be broken off. Oh, I wish I were dead! then you could take your grand lover and be happy, and poor Ralph could go adrift across the sea, with his wretched father, Lewis Hartrow."

"Have I not said I will not permit this?" asked Ethel, as her voice shook with emotion. "I love Ralph better than my life. I cannot—I will not steal his name, his inheritance, and the hearts of the Hatherleighs from him. He will hate me as it is when he knows the truth. Have some pity on me!—do not accuse me wrongfully."

"And you love Ralph?" cried the astonished Lina.

She was so small-hearted that there was a ring of disappointment in her tone. It had pleased her to think that Ethel would be Lady Coryton some day.

"I hope you are glad that Ralph is all the world to me," said Ethel, quietly, "and that I am resolved that he shall have Hatherleigh."

"But you can marry so well if you will," said Lina; "and the Hartrows—"

"I am a Hartrow," returned Ethel, firmly.

"I have been a Hartrow one-and-twenty years. If the blood of all the Hartrows were in my veins it could not make me one of them more than I am. Let the Hatherleighs understand that I, their descendant, am the scapegoat to bear all their sins against these poor outcasts, who lived upon their land hated and uncared for. I will suffer what I have to suffer. I will take the hate and contumely heaped upon the Hartrow name; through me it comes back upon the Hatherleighs, and is atoned for. It shall never touch Ralph; neither the sin, nor the poverty, nor the shame of the Hartrows shall ever wound his pride or his heart. He is the Hatherleigh; I am the poor girl. And as for marriage, I will never marry a man of noble name. When you can be pained no more by his knowing the truth, and Ralph hears it, I will put my hand in his, if he will have it so; but, if he hates me, then I will be no man's wife."

She could not keep her tears back now, and her clasp on Lina's fragile hand was hot and painful. The poor little hysterical creature cried with her; she could give her no other comfort.

"I think I can trust to you," she said, still thinking of herself. "You will not let them hurt me, for Ralph's sake. I know you said last night you were Hartrow's daughter, although you knew then you were not."

"Lewis Hartrow would have broken his word to me in his anger," said Ethel. "I staid his speech by what I said, and I am his daughter in thought and feeling. I could not let him strike down Ralph at a blow. You are shivering with cold; let me take you home."

"I shall rely on you," said Lina, clinging to her as they went down through the rough, desolate road. "I shall live no more in dread of Ephraim Byles. Has he ever dared to threaten you?"

"He dares scarcely to speak to me," answered Ethel. "Do not fear that he will venture to cross my path. He has thrown out vague hints at times, but I have never heeded them."

The way was strewn with heath-blossoms, purple and pink, and pearly white, and the dew was shining in their tiny bells like diamonds, and the morning mists were floating in the air, when Ethel stood in the shadow of the Tors, and watched the wheels of the pony-chaise in which Lina Hatherleigh was driving home with a lightened heart.

"She did not ask if Lewis Hartrow was safe," thought Ethel, sighing. "I fear she only cared to know that he had promised me silence, and that he was gone from Hatherleigh."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"MR. HATHERLEIGH," said Ethel, timidly, "may I speak to you?"

The old man was dozing in his armchair, and raising his drooping head, he regarded her angrily.

"Am I never to have any peace?" he asked. "Waking or sleeping, is your face to be always before my eyes? There, say what you like, and then leave me. Why did they bring you here? You are nothing to me—nothing."

"I am going away," said Ethel, hurriedly. "I am come to ask you this: May I go away for ever, and never trouble Hatherleigh again?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, rousing himself, and looking at her curiously.

"I mean that my father—that is, Mr. Dalton—will be here to-morrow," replied Ethel; "and I wish to leave Hatherleigh with him at once—I wish to relieve you of the pain of my presence. I think my stay here is cruel to you. Will you let me go?"

"No," he answered, abruptly. "You must stay and see this played out. Mrs. Hatherleigh has things to tell you to-morrow, after she has seen her son."

"I cannot hear them," said Ethel, quietly. "And nothing she can say will change my life or my determination."

"Speak plainly!" he cried out, in a fierce tone. "I have had enough of enigmas."

The girl came close to him and knelt down by his side.

"Do not hate me," she said, in her gentle voice. "I cannot help all this wrong. I want to do my best to make it right. I have thought myself the child of a poor, despised man; I cannot turn my thoughts now into another channel; I cannot force my life into another shape. What I am at heart I must ever remain. Let me go away with Mr. Dalton, and send for your grandson, Ralph."

She leant her head upon his knee, and waited for his answer. She had moved him to a little love at last, and his hand trembled as he laid it on her glossy hair.

"So you have guessed the truth?" he said. "Not guessed it," she answered. "Lewis Hartrow told me. Oh, Mr. Hatherleigh—" "You may say grandfather if you will," he interposed; "I can bear it from you now."

"No, no," said Ethel; "let Ralph say it—only Ralph. Oh, Mr. Hatherleigh, give him back his place—give him Hatherleigh—name and lands, and all you wish in your heart to give him."

"You are changed," said the old squire, still trembling; "a little while ago you said I should be unjust if I gave Hatherleigh to a Hartrow."

"I did not know then what I said," she cried, eagerly. "I retract all that. I say now it would be cruel and dreadful to strike Ralph out of your will or out of your heart. And it is I who am the Hartrow. I am indeed."

"I think you are a Hatherleigh," he answered, stroking her hair; "every word you say stamps you a Hatherleigh."

"You shall not say that," she returned, steadily, "for every feeling and every thought of mine takes shape from my supposed, not my real parentage; therefore, I am a Hartrow, and I speak as a Hartrow. It is Ralph who is the Hatherleigh. Believe me, it is indeed. I am not fit for the place Mrs. Hatherleigh would give me, and I will not have it. I will go home with my adopted father, and keep the position to which I belong."

"My dear," said Mr. Hatherleigh, calling her so for the first time, "I fear your generous wish cannot be fulfilled. Duty is nobler even than love. I love Ralph, but you are my grandchild; I cannot rob you."

Ethel wept when she heard this. "You do not rob me," she cried; "it is Ralph whom you rob. You crush his spirit, you wound his pride, you break his heart, if you do this cruel thing."

"I know all that," he answered, sorrowfully. "It is a sad, wicked business, but none of my doing, child. I only have to suffer for it."

"Listen to me," pleaded Ethel, eagerly. "You do no wrong in giving Ralph your lands. He has your love—he is your true grandchild—leave him Hatherleigh, and let this secret be buried for ever. Spare him the agony of knowing the truth, spare yourself the pain of telling it. Don't wrench from his heart the love rooted in it by growth and years, and all the memories of his life. Think what you suffered yourself when that wrench came to you, and be merciful to him, and save him from the sharp anguish of such a stroke."

Mr. Hatherleigh trembled very much as she finished, with her streaming eyes looking into his eyes, and her hands clasped on his hand.

"I have thought of all these things," he said, sadly. "I know the sudden overthrow of all his habits of thought, all his rooted affections, all his hopes, may make a madman of him, or crush him into helplessness; but the time is come when I can hold off the blow from him no longer; it must fall when I die. And I will explain all the facts to my son Ralph, to-morrow, that he may know me just, and respect my memory when I am gone."

"You care, then, for his filial esteem and his respect," continued Ethel, passionately, "and yet, for the sake of your so-called justice, you will pluck up all filial love from Ralph's heart, and make him despise the mother he has honored all his life. Remember, too, that having the hates and prejudices which the Hatherleighs have given him, he loathes and shrinks from the father on whom you thrust him, and you crush him into self-contempt by telling him he is a Hartrow. But this is not the case with me. You wound no feeling of mine when you let me remain the daughter of Lewis Hartrow. I have been used to that thought so long, and I am not used to those ideas of birth, and wealth, and ancestry, which are the very springs of Ralph's character. I belong to the poor, the suffering, the outcast; I cannot cast in my lot with the rich."

She ceased, with a deep flush on her fair cheeks, and generous tears in her loving eyes. Her aged listener drew her toward him, and kissed her.

"You have won me," he said. "I feared you were like your mother, child, and I hated you for the sake of Lina Spence. Well, well, we are full of hatreds and prejudices to our life's end. 'Tis a motley world—and even the truest metal has some alloy in it. God help us! We must be tried in the furnace before we can come out pure. There, there, we'll find a remedy for this sorrow, if we can. Are you satisfied?"

"No," answered Ethel, bravely. "I am grateful for your kindness to me, but I want a promise from you not to destroy Ralph's peace. I want a promise of pity and forgiveness for his mother, who is also my mother. I want a promise that you will respect the happiness of husband and wife, and not make your daughter-in-law an outcast from your son's love. Having obstinately kept the secret so long, you must let it die for ever. You cannot do the great wrong now of telling it."

"It is no secret," said Mr. Hatherleigh. "Angusta knows it, and her nephew, Arthur, whom she wants you to marry, and my son, Ernest. Will these keep silent, think you, if I die silent? or will they let me disinherit my grandchild for a Hartrow?"

Ethel had grown very pale, but she rose from her knees, and stood before him white and resolute.

"I will not be your grandchild," she answered. "I will neither take the lands of Hatherleigh nor the name, and Lord Brimblecombe will not marry me, nor I him. Tell Mrs. Hatherleigh and Lady Augusta and your son what I say, and you will see they will no longer be so anxious to have you acknowledge me."

"You think Augusta would like to see her nephew ennobled, and Mrs. Hatherleigh would

be pleased to see her granddaughter ennobled. Is that it?" he asked.

Ethel kept silent, and he continued the theme himself.

"Ah," he said, "we all have mixed motives for what we do, and the best of us dare not analyze the secret springs of their best deeds. Let it pass. See here, child: you once said a Hatherleigh could not wed a Hartrow. Do you say so still?"

"No, no," said Ethel, and her face and neck were one deep blush.

"Then be content," returned the squire, "and trust in me. I am seeking mercy for myself; I'll not refuse it to Lina Spence. Now go and tell Mrs. Hatherleigh all you have said to me. Let her know you refuse an old name, and wealth, and honor, and you cast in your lot with those who seem to you to be your own people."

Ethel went tremblingly, for Mrs. Hatherleigh was harder to deal with than her husband.

CHAPTER XL.

THERE was great excitement in Coryton: Mr. Spence, the lawyer, was shaken in his mind. He was queer, he was odd—in fact, his reason was gone: he was making wills all day, giving and bequeathing his property to some unknown individual. Rumors of this, and of Captain Hatherleigh's return, and of the old squire's joy to see his son again, floated through the little quiet town, troubling it into unwonted agitation. People caught Byles at corners of streets, and asked him for news. He was suddenly an important personage to all the world. He was Mr. Byles now—Mr. Spence's partner, and many wise heads began to see what a circumspect, trustworthy man he was, and how justly high he must have stood in his master's estimation, and how it was quite by his own merits he had risen to be partner in that office which he had first entered as general slave and errand boy.

"Yes, it was true," Byles said. "Mr. Spence was a little shaken, but he would soon be all right again, no doubt. It was a mere nothing." Byles cautiously gave the same answer at the office; but, as day by day went by, and the promised amendment never came, people began to understand that they would never see the hard, sharp, clever attorney in his old place again. Then the truth was whispered about that Mr. Spence was a wreck. He had even turned good-natured. He gave coppers to beggars, and listened to a tale of distress—listened, but forgot instantly, before the tale was ended; for the sharp brain, once so full of quips, and cranks, and learned precedents, was a blank now, from which all memories were wiped away.

Lina beheld the ruin with dry eyes, but with a deeper hate toward Byles than ever she had felt yet.

"In his greedy selfishness he has not even spared this old man," she said to herself, bitterly. "How much less will he spare me?" Nevertheless, in the evening of this first day of her father's sorrow, as she sat watching him, tremblingly expecting Ralph and her husband, hope and comfort reached her in a few penciled lines from Ethel. They assured her she had wrung a promise from Mr. and Mrs. Hatherleigh to defer all revelation of the truth until after death; nevertheless, they hoped she would spare them altogether the pain of this, by confessing the fraud herself to her husband.

"No, never," said Lina, energetically, as she tore the note into tiny shreds. "I am not a woman to apply red-hot pliers to my own flesh. If Byles remains quiet, and these Hatherleighs keep their promise to me, I am safe."

Ethel had added that she believed Mr. Hatherleigh's will was so framed, that even at his death this would not betray his son and to Ralph the true state of their mutual position toward each other. Lina smiled when she read this, and looked down upon her little, thin, wasted hands.

"I shall not live till then," she said. "My dear old father, you have been my only, my true friend. I'll go when you go, and the Hatherleighs may do as they will then."

The old lawyer gave her a weary look, and his enfeebled brain sought painfully for strength. "There's something I ought to do," he said, with his hand upon his forehead. "Fetch Byles to witness my will. I must sign it before I go to bed to-night. I can't sleep till I've done it. If I die, Ralph won't have a penny."

Then he wandered off into childlike, and wondered friends had not come to see him, whose graves had been green a score of years.

It was a melancholy home that welcomed Ralph and Captain Hatherleigh that night. In the morning the sailor went to the Hall, and saw his father, and heard words of kindness and good-will and deep affection for Ralph. The next day, as he and the young man were going up the park, they met a messenger coming down them. The old squire was gone! He had been found dead in his armchair by the sunny window. He had passed away tranquilly in sleep.

The will was drawn by the family solicitor, and dated some three weeks before the testator's decease. Captain Hatherleigh listened to its perusal in silent indignation and amazement, but Ralph certainly felt no surprise. In it the squire left Hatherleigh to his widow for her life, then to his eldest son for his life; but at his death it was to go to that person or persons whom Mrs. Hatherleigh might have appointed in her will. Thus the disposal of the whole real estate of her husband lay absolutely in her hands, together with all the furniture, plate, pictures, heirlooms, carriages, and horses now at Hatherleigh. All other personal property was disposed of in small legacies, including two thousand pounds left to Milly. Under marriage-settlements there was a charge on the estate of a thousand pounds a-year, to be paid to the Reverend Ernest Hatherleigh, to be continued to his wife should she survive him, and, until

his mother's death, Captain Hatherleigh's present allowance of eight hundred pounds a-year was to be augmented to fifteen hundred pounds. There was no mention whatever of Ralph in the will. In a codicil, however, added only two days before his death, the testator so far revoked that clause of his will relating to Mrs. Hatherleigh's power of devising the estate, that he refused her permission to make Ethel, the adopted daughter of Philip Dalton, her heiress, unless the said Ethel married Ralph, the reputed son of Ralph and Caroline Hatherleigh, and they then both consented to retain the name of Hatherleigh.

In this codicil Ralph fancied he perceived his grandfather's affection and feeble will struggling through the coercion in which he was held, and breaking partially free from the cruel influence of his wife. To Captain Hatherleigh the codicil and the will itself seemed both so unjust and so eccentric, that he could only deem them the emanation of an enfeebled brain, or of a mind so weakened by age and disease, that it yielded at once to the machinations of others.

Captain Hatherleigh left Hatherleigh silent and angry, refusing to grant to his mother the interview she prayed for.

"Who is this Miss Dalton?" he said to Ralph, as they went homeward.

"She is the niece of Mr. Dalton, the painter," returned Ralph; "she is the daughter of his sister, Hester Hartrow."

"And of Lewis Hartrow, who was convicted of manslaughter, and transported for life," said Captain Hatherleigh. "I would rather see you lose ten Hatherleighs than marry the daughter of such a man. My poor father never wished such a marriage to take place. Knowing you would not consent to it, he made that codicil with the intention of balking my mother's mad desire to make that girl her heiress. She must be a low, designing, crafty girl. Better endure poverty, Ralph, than take such a wife as that."

Ralph's brain thought with his father's, but his heart was at war with his reason, and the struggle in his soul was very sore. The evidence against Ethel seemed to be overwhelming, crushing his love, or forcing him to condemn himself for cherishing it; and his pride and honor shrunk from the thought of seeking her with a half-heart and the suspicion of worldly greed in his suit. Moreover, Hatherleigh was his rightfully, and it would be a shame to him to take it from the hands of a girl who had stolen it from him treacherously, and who would accept him only for the sake of money, to avoid the loss of the fortune she knew Mrs. Hatherleigh intended to give her. That his grandmother was resolved on this, he never doubted; neither did he doubt that Ethel would now accept him. During the few minutes they had stood in the same room together at Hatherleigh, he had been conscious of a change in her manner toward him, which angered him when he heard the codicil read. He thought he saw in this a reason for her shy, troubled look, and for the anxious gaze in her dark eyes. Perhaps, too, she was regretting Lord Brimblecombe, and lamenting the self-will and feeble attempt of an old man to do justice, which prevented her from marrying her lover except with the loss of Hatherleigh.

"I think as you do, father," he said, after a short and bitter silence. "Every feeling of honor and of pride that I possess revolts at the idea of marrying Lewis Hartrow's daughter to gain back an inheritance unjustly taken from me. My poor grandfather meant well, but the thing is impossible."

"You have spoken the right word, lad," said Captain Hatherleigh, grasping his hand. "We Hatherleighs marry for love, not for money; and we choose honest wives—not women who, like cats, steal to hearths not their own, to see what they can pilfer. My mother must be in her dotage. Let us ride on faster."

Watching both their faces with eager trembling, Lina listened to the story they had to tell while her tears fell copiously. Till a few weeks ago she had dreamed of this day with triumph; now she was thankful that mercy was shown her, and a city of refuge was granted her in her husband's love till death should come and release her from her remorse and her broken dreams. The other day she had thought to die first, but it was the old man who was the first to go, and she would be the second. Alas, it was not so written in that book of fate which she could not read.

A DOUBLE LIFE.—The Archbishop of Bordeaux thus describes a case of somnambulism in a young minister: He was in the habit of writing sermons when asleep, and although a card was placed between his eyes and the notebook, he continued to write vigorously. After he had written a page requiring correction, a piece of blank paper of the exact size was substituted for his own manuscript, and on that he made the corrections in the precise situation which they would have occupied on the original page. A very astonishing part of this is that which relates to his writing music in his sleeping state, which it is said he did with perfect precision. He asked for certain things, and saw and heard such things, but only such things as bore directly upon the subject of his thoughts. He detected the deceit when water was given to him in the place of brandy which he asked for. Finally, he knew nothing of all that had transpired when he awoke, but in his next paroxysm he remembered all accurately—and so lived a double life, a phenomenon which is said to be universal in all the cases of exalted somnambulism.

THE COW-TREE.—On the parched side of a rock on the mountains of Venezuela grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large, woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year its leaves are not moistened by a shower—its branches look as if they were dead and withered; but, when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. It is at sunrise that the vegetable fountain flows most freely. At that time the blacks and natives are seen coming from all parts, provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of a shepherd who is distributing the milk of his flock. It is named the *palo de vaca*, or cow-tree.

NEWS BREVITIES.

SING-SING now contains 1,400 prisoners. MITRAILLEUSES are manufactured at Troy.

THE Paris newspapers are now published half-size.

THE death penalty has been abolished in Holland.

THE census of Savannah shows a population of 28,000.

ST. DOMINGO is quite blue over a small indigo crop.

THEY are trying wooden pavement at Fond du Lac, Wis.

THERE are 12,784 Free Masons in Connecticut.

AMERICAN flags are now largely manufactured in Paris.

KANSAS CITY has just had a first-class Spanish bull-fight.

ALL the conductors on the Erie Railroad are married men.

THE cotton-crop of last year is valued at over \$325,000,000.

THE male population of Iowa is 40,000 in excess of the female.

ILLINOIS presents a local preacher one hundred and three years old.

ST. LOUIS arrests its gamblers for vagrancy, and fines them \$500 each.

THE steam power employed in this country is equal to 120,000,000 men.

THE annual consumption of beer in Fort Wayne is over 100,000 barrels.

THE Chinese converts to Christianity preach in the streets of San Francisco.

COMMERCE in the West Indies is paralyzed on account of the European war.

SCARLET FEVER, of a very malignant type, is raging fearfully at Dundee, Mich.

THE beer drunk in the United States in one year costs the drinkers \$21,000,000.

THE number of Jews serving in the German armies amounts to upward of 30,000.

ALTON, Ill., naturalized a colored man the other day who was born in Scotland.

THE total organized military strength of Pennsylvania is 13,000 men and officers.

NEARLY all the towns along the Hudson River are visited with fever this autumn.

THE average weekly mortality at San Francisco, Cal., last month, was seventy-three.

A PROJECT for laying another telegraph cable from England to America is announced.

THE shipments of Texas cattle over the Kansas Pacific Railroad average 1,600 per day.

THE old wharves at La Crosse, Wis., have been condemned, and new ones are to be built.

THE St. Ignatius Jesuit College at Chicago has already cost the trustees upward of \$200,000.

A TWO-LEGGED colt is one of the principal attractions in the county fair at Schenectady, N. Y.

A KANSAS farmer recently got up in his sleep and plowed two acres of ground before he woke up.

AN accurate estimate shows that each Indian in the United States costs the Government \$350 annually.

THE Grand Hotel lost seventy servants in consequence of the decree ordering all Germans to leave Paris.

LA CROSSE, Wis., lately spent six hundred dollars to have sawdust put upon two of its principal streets.

A WOMAN in Cincinnati last week attempted to poison four of her children by putting verdigris in their coffee.

SOUTH CAROLINA papers say that there was never known a more sickly season in that State than the present.

A FARMER in Pinewood, Hickman County, Tenn., has been made a raving maniac by the bite of a rattlesnake.

IN Detroit, 16,950 children attend day-schools of all kinds, and 12,115 are enrolled in Sabbath-schools.

THE Presbyterians of Ithaca, N. Y., are considering the question of woman's right to vote in church councils.

NEW ORLEANS complains of a glut in the tobacco market, owing to the war having prevented foreign purchases.

A WOMAN eighty years old, and probably the oldest female in the city, voted at the recent election in Cheyenne, Wyo.

THE Democrats in Maryland are trying to secure a part of the negro vote. It is said to vary from 25,000 to 35,000.

THERE are over fifty miles of ditches for irrigating purposes within a space of five miles square around Los Angeles, Cal.

OVER 500,000 small trees, mostly mountain cottonwoods, have been set out in Denver, Col., within the past three years.

ON the 12th of October seven encampments and nineteen lodges of Odd Fellows, of Essex County, are to visit Lawrence, Mass.

FARIBAUT has the largest population of any inland town in the State of Minnesota—4,025. Rochester is next, and has 150 less.

THERE is a project on foot to build a railroad from Ypsilanti, Mich., to join the Grand Trunk near Romeo, in the same State.

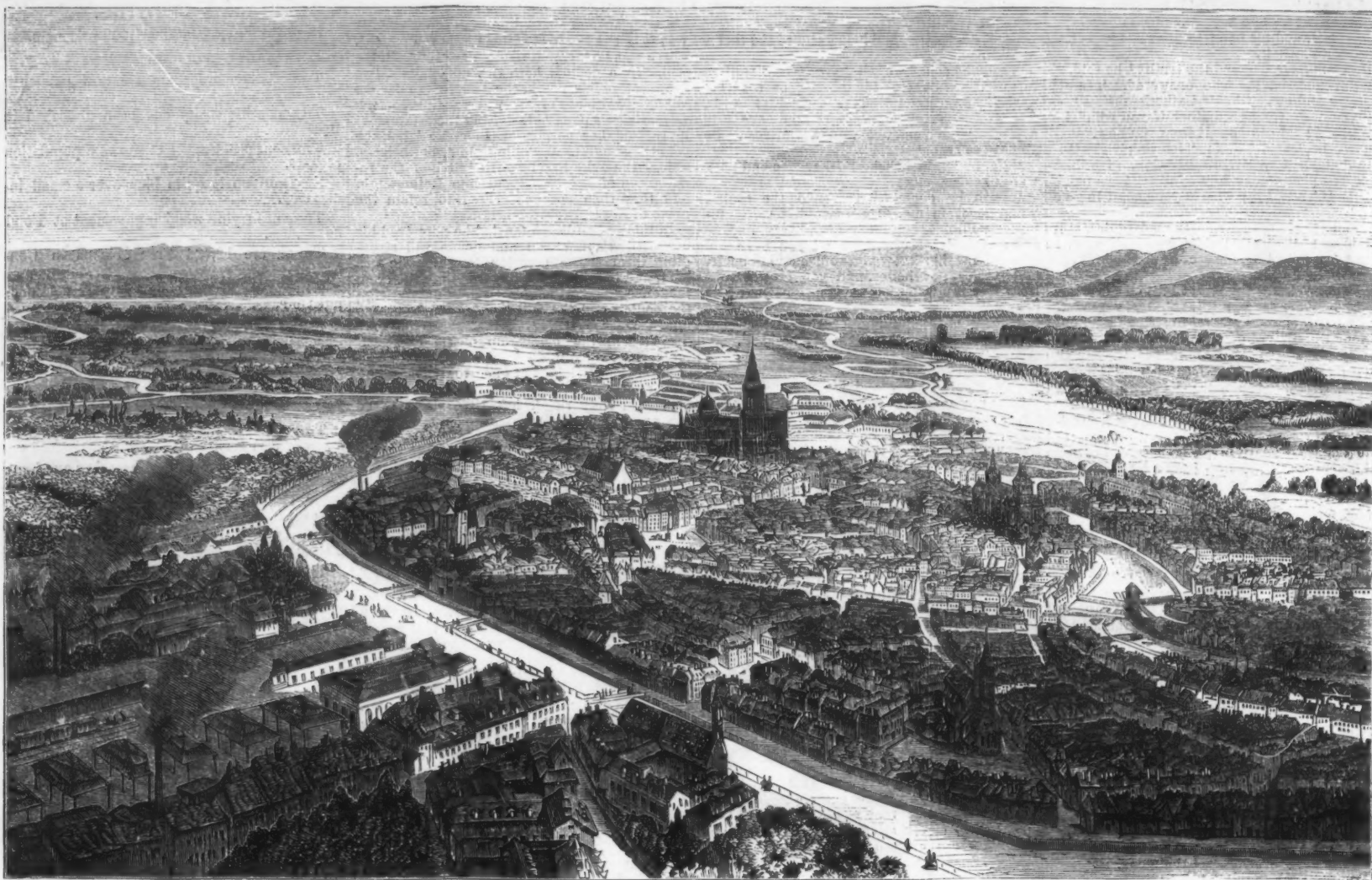
THE cotton crop in several districts of Georgia has been seriously damaged by rust, particularly where guano has been used.

WARWICK, Western Massachusetts, at a recent town meeting, voted unanimously in favor of a return to the district school system.

THE new salt well at Terre Haute, Ind., although now 1,475 feet deep, is to be sunk an additional 125 feet before the brine is analyzed.

THE bottom-lands in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien are overflowed, owing to the high water in the Mississippi and Wisconsin Rivers.

THE old wooden bridges on the Hudson River Railroad between this city and Troy are being replaced by handsome iron structures.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF STRASBOURG, FRANCE.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STRASBOURG.

We furnish our readers in this issue a bird's-eye view of Strasbourg, including its fortifications, bastions, ramparts, a portion of the river Ill, and the roads, rail and military, leading to and from it. The heroic defense of Strasbourg by General Urich against the large and admirably organized Prussian army under General Werder, who has perhaps the finest artillery train in Europe, has challenged the admiration of the whole world, and will live in the annals of history as long as dash and daring, whole-souled gallantry and patriotism have a place in men's hearts.

Strasbourg is a place of great military importance to France, being the only barrier between that country and Germany on the Lower

Rhine, and serving as a basis of operations for the French army. Strasbourg is a city of 80,000 population, besides a garrison of 30,000 men, making in all 110,000 souls, for whom provisions for six months is stored in the public granaries. The river Ill divides it into two parts, intersected in turn by canals fed from the river. The whole country around can be flooded at a moment's notice by sluice-gates. It was formerly connected with Kehl, on the opposite side of the Rhine, by an immense iron bridge, which was destroyed a few weeks ago.

The fortifications were designed by Vauban, the celebrated architect of Louis XIV., and form a triangle, consisting of bastioned ramparts and numerous outworks, and entered by seven gates. At its eastern extremity is a strong pentagonal citadel. The city is generally well built, and has numerous manufactories of

cotton, woolen, and silk fabrics, canvas, jewelry, buttons, clocks (of which the celebrated astronomical clock is considered to be the finest piece of mechanism in the world), cutlery; musical, mathematical, and other instruments. It also has tanneries and breweries, for which it is especially famed.

Strasbourg is a bishop's see, the seat of a chamber of commerce, societies of agriculture and arts, faculties of law, medicine, pharmacy, arts, letters, etc., a mint, and a cannon foundry. It has also a magnificent arsenal, the largest and finest in France, and a public library containing 130,000 volumes. It is connected by steamer with London, Basle, and Rotterdam, and railroads are in operation between it and Paris, and other large cities in the north and west. It has also an extensive transit trade with Germany, Switzerland, North Italy, and

Western Europe. It has a chemical manufactory, copper and iron forges, distilleries, soap factories, and a large book-selling trade. Its *pâtés de foies gras* have become proverbial.

Strasbourg Cathedral, of which we gave an illustration last week, is one of the oldest churches in Europe, and is the most celebrated specimen of Gothic architecture extant.

Strasbourg, then, is a strategical point of no mean importance, and a picture of it at this time will be very acceptable to our readers, who are doubtless watching the final scenes of this great drama as they unfold themselves to their anxious gaze.

On an inside page will be found a topographical map of Strasbourg and its fortifications, which, in connection with our admirable view of the city proper and surrounding country, should be studied by the reader.



THE FIELD OF SEDAN ON THE NIGHT OF THE BATTLE—PREPARING THE DEAD FOR BURIAL.—SEE PAGE 55.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT ON THE BATTERY, NEW YORK, BY THE CENTRAL PARK BAND.—SEE PAGE 66.



THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

The House of Hohenzollern, which, to-day makes so much noise in Europe, and menaces all nations by its ambitious projects, is of Suabian origin. In leaving the town of Hechidgen, watered by a tributary of the Neckar, the traveler who directs his steps southward toward Berlin, sees rising on his left a conical-shaped hill, on the summit of which is situated a castle of feudal proportions. That is the cradle of the house of Zollern, called Hohen or high Zollern, on account of the elevation of the ancient manor. This castle, which gave its name to the royal house of Prussia, was built about the year 980, A. D. The petty nobles to whom it served as a residence, lived for a long time in obscurity, and became divided into three branches, that of Franconia, whence has issued the royal house of Prussia, and those of Hechingen and Sigmaringen, who remained stationary. The two latter have played but an insignificant rôle in history, but the line of Franconia learned early to appreciate the value of money, and Frederick VI., afterward Frederick I., conceived the happy idea of lending 100,000 florins to the Emperor Sigismund. That 100,000 florins was the origin of his greatness. Sigismund, being unable to repay them, yielded as collateral security to his creditor the Margrave of Brandenburg, till he should be able to discharge the debt. Frederick found some trouble in installing himself in the Marches, for the nobles of the district did not feel disposed to submit to this hypothetical superior. The Kittows, the Bismarcks, and others revolted, and at first came off conquerors. But Frederick was a man of ability. He learned that the Margrave of Thuringia was the possessor of a new weapon of war of marvelous power, called a cannon. He brought this to bear upon his adversaries, and, thanks to the cannon, terminated the struggle to his own advantage. Thus was Prussia born by the power of gold and cannon-balls. Despoiled of their possessions in consequence of the wars of Napoleon, the little principdoms of Hechingen and Sigmaringen lost their royal dignity, but having given their adhesion to the Confederation of the Rhine, they were reconstituted by Napoleon I., a proceeding which did not prevent them from turning against him in 1814. Having but scanty revenues and abundant debts, Hechingen and Sigmaringen decided upon resigning, in 1848, all their rights in favor of the King of Prussia, who, by a treaty concluded in 1850, agreed to pay the former branch an annual sum of 10,000 thalers, and the latter of 25,000 thalers. He felt his honor concerned in the possession of this little territory, containing 74,000 inhabitants, which gave him, besides, a footing in South Germany. Scarcely was he invested with his double Principality before he hastened to repair the manor of Zollern, to rebuild anew its Gothic fortifications, and to cause to be inscribed in letters of gold and azure, above the entrance door, this inscription:

"Zollern, Nuremberg, Brandenburg united, built this Castle in 1453. The strong hand of Prussia raised me up. I am called the door of the Eagle—1851."

Above this proud gateway of the Eagle the Prussian Majesty caused a figure to be erected, representing a fully-armed knight, with this motto: "*Fortis est qui seculum*"—from the rock to the sea; that is to say, from Zollern to the Baltic, from Zollern to Trieste, on the Adriatic, being understood.

IMPORTANCE OF SLEEP.—A contemporary says the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not that it is more important, but because it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the blues. It will cure the headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who carry heavy responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well is one which, if broken up for any length of time, is not easily regained. Often a severe illness, treated by powerful drugs, so deranges the nervous system, that sleep is never sleep—never sweet afterward. Or, perhaps, long-continued watchfulness produces the same effect. Or hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular system, or tea and whisky-drinking, and tobacco-smoking. To break up the habits are required: First, a good clean bed. Second, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, and pleasant occupation. Third, good air, and not too warm a room. Fourth, freedom from too much care. Fifth, a clean stomach. Sixth, a clear conscience. Seventh, avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure, or, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it is sadly imperfect.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.—The phosphorescence of the sea is a beautiful phenomenon to those who can enjoy the sight of it; but it is too frequently observed under uncomfortable circumstances. It has been a puzzling phenomenon, too; but naturalists have come to the conclusion that it is produced by animalcules that are excited to luminosity under certain circumstances, chiefly when the water is agitated. It has, however, lately been shown that the phosphorescence is brightest and the sparks most numerous immediately preceding an atmospheric disturbance. So the little animalcules are to be included in that long list of organisms that feel the approach of bad weather. The professor, M. Decharme, who observed the coincidence, has been studying the creatures and their shining propensities. He finds that they are visible in the daylight with a glass magnifying about forty times, and then they appear as lentiform bodies from two to four millimetres in diameter, of transparent nature, and more diaphanous at the centre than toward the periphery. They lived in a bottle for several weeks, and lit themselves up when the water was shaken or stirred, or whenever a small quantity of exciting fluid, alcohol or acid, was introduced into it.

MR. HIND, WRITING FROM TWICKENHAM OBSERVATORY, says: "Dr. Wincke, of Carlsruhe, informs me that in the night of May 29 he discovered a comet, resembling a 'pretty bright nebula' of about two and a half minutes in diameter." His observations on that night are not sent in a reduced state, but on the 30th he observed the comet's place as subjoined: "At 14h. 13min. 34sec., mean time at Carlsruhe, right ascension, 6h. 56min. 55sec.; declination N., 28deg. 52min. 15sec." The diurnal motion appears to be about 1min. 10sec. in right ascension (increasing), and 15min. in declination toward the south."

PORTABLE LAUGHING-GAS FOR DENTISTRY.—Protoxide of nitrogen, commonly called laughing-gas, is a remarkable substance. It was discovered by Priestly in 1774, but its curious properties, which chemists thought might be utilized for a variety of purposes, particularly for the alleviation of pain, were discovered by Sir H. Davy. When inhaled, it produces the most agreeable sensations, being a species of intoxication, but very different from that of alco-

holic liquors. The discovery of chloroform and ether has superseded, in a measure, other agencies as anæsthetics; still, laughing-gas continues to be used in dentistry to some extent. A great bar to the utilization of it is, that it is not to be had when wanted, except by special manufacture. Professor Doremus has put the gas into a portable shape. He condenses it into the liquid state, which is done by a pressure of about eight hundred pounds to the square inch. He bottles it up in a stout jar or vessel, which contains an enormous quantity of the gas compressed into a small compass.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WAITING-MAIDS—Elderly spinsters.

THE GREAT SENSE-TAKER—Brandy and water.

ROLLING-STOCK—Capital invested in bowling-alleys.

THE BRITISH POLICY IN INDIA—Protection to native Hindoosty.

GOING INTO THE LICK-HER BUSINESS—Getting married in Chicago.

WHAT IS HIGHER AND HANDSOMER WHEN THE HEAD IS OFF—A pillow.

EVERY UNMARRIED LADY OF FORTY HAS PASSED THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

"THE MAN WHO LAUGHS" AFTER TWENTY YEARS' BANISHMENT—Victor Hugo.

WHY IS A KING WHO CAN'T TALK LIKE HIS DOMINIONS?—Because he's a king dumb.

A WOMAN-LECTURER SAYS woman's sphere is "bounded north by her husband, on the east by her baby, on the south by her mother-in-law, and on the west by a maiden aunt."

"MY DEAR," SAID A SENTIMENTAL WIFE, "home, you know, is the dearest spot on earth." "Well, yes," said the practical husband, "it does cost about twice as much as any other spot."

"MAMMA," SAID AN INTELLIGENT LITTLE GIRL, "what is the meaning of a book published in 12mo?" "Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means that the book will be published in twelve months."

A LITTLE BOY, THREE YEARS OLD, WHO HAS A BROTHER three months, gave as a reason for the latter's good conduct: "Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink any water, and he can't cry milk."

A PUBLIC CLOCK AT SHELBURNE FALLS IS SO UNMUSICAL in its striking, that a dying woman, as she heard it sound for the last time, remarked: "Oh, sister, how I do pity you who must stay here and listen to that awful clock!"

THE "GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW" IS AN OLD PROVERB. We recently had a new rendering from a United States ex-Senator, who said, speaking of the Supreme Court of the United States, "They have the last guess at the case."

A DYING IRISHMAN WAS ASKED BY HIS CONFESSOR if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I am going to a strange country, and I don't intend to make myself enemies."

"EVERY DAY YOU BEAT ME OUT OF TIME," SAID AN EMPLOYER TO A TARDY WORKMAN. "What's that you're sayin', you ignorant old man? Bate you out of time, is it? Don't I go home to me dinner at twelve be the town clock, and that's half an hour too fast, an' don't I come back at was be the clock at the 'Emerald Ring,' an' that's half an hour slow? And how do I bate you out at any time? The time isn't up at yet, so I'll take me size an' have a shnake."

THE NEW BEDFORD PEOPLE MUST BE VERY FORBEARING AND PATIENT. A gentleman in that city is very ill, and four sections of a street have been boarded up to make the house quiet. The *Standard*, however, has lost patience, and says such cases are altogether too common. Fences are put across where people are "comfortably sick," and recently in the north part of the city two sections of a street were closed four weeks because a woman had a severe boil on her neck which was possibly dangerous for a few days.

A SCHOOLBOY WAS ASKED BY THE TEACHER how many drachms there were in an ounce. As he was unable to answer, the teacher told him to learn before he again came to school. His father, it should be here stated, kept a tavern, and as the boy, on his return home, was about to ask the important question, he noticed a customer taking a stiff horn at the bar. "Papa," said the boy, "how many drachms are there in an ounce?" "Usually sixteen," answered the father; "but if you mean drams such as Mr. Andrews takes, there ain't but two."

IMPORTANT TO CAPITALISTS.

All thoughtful men who have surplus funds to invest will most certainly examine, with great care, the relative values of securities offered on the market. With a view of assisting this particular class, aiding at the same time a grand enterprise which will beyond question greatly increase the wealth of our City and State, we ask attention to the Bonds of "The New York and Onondaga Midland Railroad," bearing seven per cent. interest in gold, free of Government tax.

It is needless to repeat the statements made by Messrs. George Opdyke & Co., the financial agents of this great "Trunk Railroad," which are concisely given in an advertisement to be found on the last page of this issue. That the interest on the bonds will be promptly met as it accrues, and the principal will be paid at maturity, is about as positive as anything human can be. We think it perfectly proper, therefore, to compare these bonds with Government securities, without making any distinction whatever in regard to payment, since both are morally certain.

The average price of U. S. 5.20 bonds of the various issues is now 111½, and as they bear six per cent. gold interest on the par value, the investor at the present time would get only 5½ per cent. interest, instead of seven per cent. gold, which the "Midland" bonds, now selling at par, will pay. Right here, then, we have two very strong points to make in favor of the bonds of this road, as an investment over Governments.

1st. That, as the option of the payment, five years after date, of the 5.20's, is vested in the Government, there is little room to doubt they will fall to par within the next two or three years, thus involving a loss to the holder of the present premium.

2d. That there will be no bonds issued by the Government to take their place at a higher rate than five per cent. It is therefore fair, everything considered, to class Governments as somewhat below a five per cent. bond, while Midland bonds bear seven per cent., and have twenty-five years to run. Now, if one hundred dollars be invested for a term of twenty-five years, and the annual interest promptly re-invested at the same rate, we shall have as the result

At 5 per cent. (Governments)	Interest.	Total.
At 7 per cent. (Midlands)	\$235.65	\$335.65
	442.54	\$442.54

It is well not to forget how wide is the difference in the accumulation of money at different rates of interest. The accumulation on \$1 by way of interest

for a term of one hundred years at 3 per cent. is only \$19½, while at 6 per cent. for the same period the total would be about 18 times as much as at the former rate.

The subjoined tabular statement, exceedingly curious in itself, showing how, by simple and compound interest, a dollar properly invested may in one hundred years be made to yield the vast sum of \$2,551,799,404, and which has an intimate relation with the foregoing statement, is clipped from the *New York Mercantile Journal*:

If one dollar be invested, and the interest added to the principal, annually, we shall have the following result as the accumulation of one hundred years:

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ASK FOR HITCHCOCK'S HALF-DIME MUSIC, AND TAKE NO OTHER.

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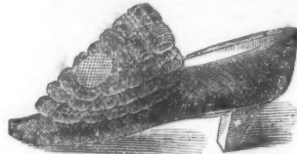
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Fig. A

Fig. B

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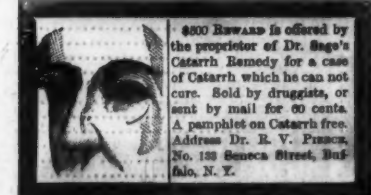
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